



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



29.

107.



600007502K

29.

107.



600007502K

BELGIC PASTORALS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

E

BELGIC PASTORALS,

141

AND

Other Poems.

BY

FRANCIS GLASSE, Esq.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. RODWELL, No. 46, NEW BOND
STREET.

1829.

107.

Printed by W. GLINDON, Rupert Street, Haymarket.



CONTENTS.

Pastorals.

	<i>Page.</i>
<i>First</i> , Strephon and Hylas - - - - -	1
<i>Second</i> , Strephon and Hylas - - - - -	25
<i>Third</i> , Strephon and Hylas - - - - -	43
<i>Fourth</i> , Thenot and Geron - - - - -	62
<i>Fifth</i> , Damon and Colin - - - - -	77
<i>Sixth</i> , Thyrsis and Damon - - - - -	86
<i>Seventh</i> , Coridon - - - - -	95
<i>Eighth</i> , Edgar, or the Decayed Shepherd - -	103

Miscellaneous Poems.

Anacreontic Ode. To Miss— - - - -	111
Song. Cupid! sportive little boy - - - - -	113
Song. Anacreontic. - - - - -	115
To Sophia. 'Tis said ambition cannot dwell -	116

	<i>Page.</i>
To Miss —. Happy the man who wins thy charms	117
To Eliza. How oft Eliza, on the beach - -	119
To the Rose. - - - - -	120
Song. Yon little bird so sweetly sings - - -	121
To Lydia. Once on a time, pure Virtue, said -	123
On Content. - - - - -	124
Stanzas. - - - - -	125
On Daphné. - - - - -	127
The Convert. - - - - -	130
To the Bee. - - - - -	132
Song. O beauteous maid! by heaven's decree	133
To Bacchus. - - - - -	135
Song. I am in love! no doubt remains - -	137
The Adventure; or Cupid and Bacchus reconciled	138
A True Lover. - - - - -	141
Song. When I muse on the sweet rural life -	142
To Eliza. - - - - -	144
Song. Tell me ye flow'rets, have you seen -	145
Cupid and Time. - . - . -	147
Song. Spring once more my bosom fires - -	149

CONTENTS.

vii

	<i>Page.</i>
On Friendship. - - - - -	150
A Kiss. - - - - -	152
To Miss M. On her Marriage - - - - -	153
Cupid disguised. - - - - -	154
Song. To Delia - - - - -	157
To Bacchus. The Vow - - - - -	158
Anacreontic Ode. - - - - -	160
Song. To love and its pleasures adieu - - -	162
The Doubt. - - - - -	163
To Louisa. - - - - -	164
The Excuse. - - - - -	166
The Invitation. - - - - -	168
Advice to Mary. - - - - -	170
To Lydia. O, Lydia! what a lovely fair -	171
Ballad. - - - - -	173
Song. Tender is my Fanny's love - - -	175
To Mary. My Mary is the sweetest girl -	177
Song. You cannot know the deep impression	179
To Rosa. - - - - -	180

	<i>Page.</i>
Glee. - - - - -	181
Song, Cupid! loving boy, to thee - - - -	182
Song. To a Poetic Lover - - - - -	183

PASTORAL THE FIRST.

Strephon and Hylas.

THE ARGUMENT.

AT the close of the usurped reign of Buonaparte, Belgium was allotted to the Prince of Orange, who then took the title of "King of the Netherlands;" soon after which, Strephon formerly a Belgic Shepherd, but for the preceding twenty years a soldier in the French army, on his arrival from Siberia, and while clothed in a French uniform, finds Hylas, tending his flock by a road side in the Netherlands; by whom he is not recognized, though in the course of conversation, Hylas discovers him, and after expressing his joy at Strephon's safe return, invites him to relate his adventures. Strephon complies; then warmly eulogises the wise conduct of the Belgic King; concluding his tale, by declaring his intention of passing the residue of his days as a Shepherd, unless a war should take place, when he avows his intention to forsake the pastoral life, and fight under the banners of his beloved prince.

STREPHON:

SHEPHERD, you seem at ease beneath this beech,
While your good dog guards safe your flock in reach;
To feed and house it is your winter's care,
More genial warmth diffuses richer fare;
On Belgic soil, beside the roads sheep thrive,
While other states, in meadows let them live;

. B

Yet none rove hence, none on the corn would stray,
 For sweet's the pasture near the public way;
 Nor fence is wanted, where yon hardy slave
 Watches his trust, as zealous as he's brave.
 Secure you rest, while soldiers wildly roam
 Far from the blessings of their native home,
 Opprest by woes, and cares, of ev'ry kind,
 That wear the body, or distress the mind;
 And the warm joys of soft domestic love,
 In vain are sigh'd for, while hard pains they prove.

HYLAS.

Friend, you say right; the beech affords me shade,
 While on this flow'ry bank, my frame is laid;
 And safe I rest, my faithful Carl is near,
 To keep the flock together—by his care:
 Yet, had I been like other shepherds blest,
 I should, like other swains, have been opprest;
 And far from hence my years had pass'd away,
 Had fortune spar'd my life to see this day:
 But, I've been lame from childhood, or my fate
 Had been a soldier's—as appears your state.

STREPHON.

Alas ! it is ; for twenty years and more
 I've brav'd all climates, and all dangers bore,
 But tell me Hylas (for such is your name)
 Does Strephon in your memory remain ?

HYLAS.

Ah, Strephon ! is it you my eyes behold ?
 Strephon, of whom such wond'rous tales are told !
 We thought you dead ; that in the Russian strife
 Our friend had clos'd his suff'rings, with his life ;
 For none return'd, no Belgian has come home
 From that cold clime, which seal'd the army's doom !
 And twice ten years have slowly pass'd away
 Since Hylas heard the notes his friend can play ;
 Those merry notes that cheer'd the country round,
 And brought us swains together with their sound.
 But, still the shepherds meet, and praise those strains
 Which once so sweetly thrill'd upon our plains.

STREPHON.

Hylas, those days of innocence are fled,
 And the black hairs are chang'd upon my head ;

Yet I rejoice to find, you still retain
 The name and form of Strephon—in your brain !
 Remov'd so far, and absent hence so long,
 You might have ceas'd regret for Strephon's song.

HYLAS.

Hylas would be unworthy of a friend,
 If by so vile a crime he could offend
 As to forget the partner of his youth,
 With whom he pledg'd sweet friendship, in pure.
 truth ;

With whom he pass'd his sportive days away
 In harmless mirth, and happy boyish play ;
 Rich days of joy, since treasur'd in his breast,
 Securely treasur'd, Mem'ry's sweetest guest !
 But tell me Strephon, by what favour'd chance
 You have escap'd the servitude of France ?
 And say, that here your future days shall flow,
 . That Hylas may much long lost pleasure know.

STREPHON.

My tale is long, but painful woes are past,
 Here I will live, and here I'll breathe my last.

If it please Fate ; once more a homely swain,
 Blest with that freedom soldiers seek in vain.
 This garb I wear (disgraceful to my clime)
 I'll change, and as a shepherd pass my time.

HYLAS.

I much rejoice, and so will ev'ry swain
 Who hears this news, o'er all our fertile plain.
 But, Strephon, see the sun's red orb decline,
 And soon his brilliant rays will cease to shine:
 Behind yon hills that glorious pow'r will go
 To cheer rich climes, that I can never know ;
 Then, homeward I shall lead my fleecy care,
 And Strephon with me to my cot repair.
 Meanwhile, upon this flow'ry bank repose,
 And tell your friend, the hist'ry of your woes ;
 That you may tranquil rest, while he repeats
 To curious list'ners, all your warlike feats :
 For neighbouring swains will flock to my
 abode
 To hear your tale and see a man so lov'd.

STREPHON.

Friend, I will bring my story to your ear
 In a few words; you shall know all the care
 And danger I have pass'd; in nought I'll fail,
 That I may shun more trouble from the tale;
 For I dislike repeating words of woe
 About myself, a subject far too low.

HYLAS.

I long to hear the perils you have past,
 And how kind fate restor'd you home at last.

STREPHON.

First say, lov'd friend, does that old uncle live
 Who rear'd my youth, and sustenance did give?
 An orphan I, confided to his care,
 Was roughly us'd, and fed on coarsest fare;
 Yet, much I owe, for hardy was the life
 He taught my youth, and thus I brav'd war's strife:

HYLAS.

He is no more; five years he has been dead;
 Old age then sunk him to the silent bed;

He sleeps in peace; his tomb beneath that yew
Where boys still play, as Strephon oft did you!

STREPHON.

Peace to his shade. May no rude hand molest
Those bones, beside which, Fate may bid mine
rest!

But cease this subject, far too grave it grows,
And hear the hist'ry of my toils and woes.

HYLAS:

I listen Strephon, eager to be told
The toils and perils you may now unfold.

STREPHON.

If Strephon's fortunes can amuse his friend,
A tale of dangers and distress, attend;
The cruel scenes that mad rebellion bred
In neighb'ring France, to all my troubles led:
Our fruitful soil, through bribery became
A Gallic province, seeking Gallic fame;
Fir'd with ambition, nothing could delight
The Belgic race, save war and savage fight;

Too readily we enter'd into strife,
 And for proud France, brave Belgians yielded life!
 The conscript law, then forc'd me from my home
 To distant realms, my hard fate to bemoan.

HYLAS.

I well remember, Strephon, the sad hour
 They forc'd you hence, by some despotic pow'r;
 And four more youthful shepherds left this plain
 On the same day, to add to our sad pain.

STREPHON.

They are no more, I saw each youth expire
 In combat—by the British soldier's fire!
 Shot through the head, a bleeding corse Charles lay,
 The other's wounded, linger'd life away.
 'Tis England boasts of riflemen so true
 They rarely miss an object once in view.
 But to my tale—in burning climes I've trod
 With naked feet, on sands devoid of sod;
 And in sharp freezing regions wanted food,
 House room, and raiment, midst barbarians rude.

HYLAS.

'Tis wonderful, that you have suffer'd so,
And still draw breath to tell the mighty woe !
Where hosts have perish'd, Strephon did survive,
You've fac'd all dangers, and are still alive !

STREPHON.

I have so Hylas, ev'ry clime I've tried
In war's dire strife, where valiant soldiers died ;
And yet I breathe to see my native soil,
Healthy, and sound, nor weaken'd by long toil.
Kind fate has spar'd me, to relate my tale,
To tell of brave men, and their deaths bewail.

HYLAS.

And let me add friend, to rejoice the heart
Of him who listens to what you impart.

STREPHON.

The various changes to which I'm inur'd,
And the hard marches I have long endur'd,
Cannot be told ; the voice of man can't say
How great my suff'rings, many a weary day.

The burning heat of Egypt I have tried,
 When crowds of comrades miserably died,
 When brave companions by my side were laid,
 Kill'd by fork'd lightnings, that around me play'd;
 While others died from thirst, a cruel death!
 And some Serocco's blasts depriv'd of breath.
 Despair and death spread o'er that scorching land
 Where pestilence and want destroy'd our band.

HYLAS.

I shudder Strephon, at the tale you tell,
 Alas, what dangers dread my friend befel!

STREPHON.

The dreadful battles I have shar'd in Spain,
 Oft won with honour, and oft lost with shame;
 The keen pursuits, close on the flying foe,
 The hot retreats that I was doom'd to know;
 The places storm'd, the sieges I've sustain'd,
 The out.posts lost, and others nobly gain'd;
 The mines we've sprung, the brave men we have lost!
 By vast explosions, in the air high tost!

The soldiers drown'd, and others vilely slain
 By the stiletto of revengeful Spain ;
 The poison'd heroes, and the murder'd band,
 Enough to people a wide spreading land ;
 The stratagems we've practis'd, and the art
 By which our enemies oft made us smart ,
 I fain would tell, but mem'ry can't retain
 One half our battles, perils, loss, and gain.

HYLAS.

'Tis strange, 'tis dismal, friend, what you have borne.

STREPHON,

And much I've suffer'd when from land far torn ;
 When in rough hurricanes I've oft been tost,
 Where hardy seamen gave us up for lost ;
 Tremendous winds then shatter'd ev'ry sail,
 Blew down the yards, quite frightful was each gale ;
 The yelling noise of Equinoctial blasts
 I've heard, when breaking short the lofty masts !
 The want of water, and high salted food,
 At sea, with scurvy, fill'd my once rich blood ;

My flesh grew soft, my weakness was extreme,
 Acute my pains, and death my only dream.
 That curs'd disease; in youth it bids us pine,
 And sends whole hosts to graves of wat'ry brine.

HYLAS.

I'm lost in wonder; you have suffer'd more
 Than bravest Belgian e'er surviv'd before.

STREPHON.

In England's gloomy clime I wore away
 Two tedious years, deploring the sad day
 Fate gave me birth; in a close ship confin'd,
 Like a cag'd bird, with bitter grief I pin'd.
 It is the barb'rous system of that state,
 To punish pris'ners by this cruel fate;
 To shut them up in loathsome ships, for years,
 Victims to ling'ring misery and fears.
 The custom is a stain upon that race,
 Whose laws, benignity and justice grace.
 But woes on woes, misfortunes most severe
 Awaited me in Russia's clime more drear;

There pinch'd by want, and bitten by the frost,
 The mighty Gallic army all was lost;
 Destroy'd by Cossack, famine, frost, and tide,
 There half a million gallant soldiers died:
 Then forc'd a victim to Siberian soil,
 I led a life of wretchedness and toil
 For two long years, and daily pray'd to die
 A pris'ner—to avoid more misery!
 For all look'd hopeless, in that frozen clime
 To labour hard, the remnant of my time.
 Unhappy lot! to wasting ~~stares~~ a prey,
 I past in anguish both those years away.

HYLAS.

But tell me, Strephon, for I long to know
 How you escap'd this great extreme of woe,
 And safely trod the long and dreary ways
 From bleak Siberia—past the sun's bright rays?

STREPHON.

The tale is short; it was those glorious hours
 When the join'd armies of the allied powers

Forc'd the French emp'ror to a rapid flight,
 When singly he escap'd by dark of night;
 That mighty man ! that kept the world in awe,
 Whose pow'r, and talents, gave great nations law ;
 Whose vig'rous soul astonish'd ev'ry mind,
 Who, till that day, seem'd born to sway man-
 kind !

At last, deceiv'd, by a vain marriage lost,
 His plans were baffled, and his fortunes crost ;
 His army gone, he gave up liberty,
 And num'rous states—and Strephon, became free !

HYLAS.

True, Strephon, true ; that was a glorious day,
 It made us shepherds quite content and gay :
 Since then, no troops upon free quarters live,
 To share the homely bread our labours give ;
 No conscript law our safety does molest,
 No peaceful shepherd to the war is prest ;
 The day's work o'er, now sweetly we repose,
 No care disturbs us, and we feel no woes.

STREPHON.

• 'Twas not that day alone which bless'd you so,
'Twas not the triumph o'er a mighty foe,
Both had prov'd vain, had Belgium been restor'd
To other than her present rightful lord;
But now she's free from ev'ry foreign sway,
For Princely Orange reigns, and we obey;
She's great and rich, in ev'ry wealth we shine,
Seaman and soldier, trade and soil, combine.
Blest day! which gave a ruler in a friend,
And William's virtues to this state did send!
Belgium is great, for Belgium is free,
And Belgic shepherds taste sweet liberty,
Secur'd, and guarded, by the easy sway
Of the best king a nation can obey!
And by his son, the valiant prince who bled
On the proud field, which to these blessings led!
This noble heir to virtues, and a throne,
There prov'd the race from which his blood has flown,
And with his wound, cemented fast the love
Of all the nation, which it strives to prove.

HYLAS.

I strongly feel the truth of what you say.

STREPHON.

The prince's praises I could sing all day;
 He fed my wants, and by his tender care
 The wretched pris'ners met with wholesome fare,
 From cold Siberia, to this favour'd soil,
 Or we had perish'd by sad want and toil;
 But for the prince, we had not been restor'd
 To the sweet joys our native homes afford;
 His influence to Siberia's wilds extends,
 For Russia's emp'ror claims him 'mongst his
 friends.

I owe him ev'ry blessing I possess;
 And never Hylas, can I love him less;
 In my respect he bears a prince's part,
 But lives a friend and brother in my heart.

HYLAS.

He is a noble prince, belov'd by all.

STREPHON.

And when he reigns, our enemies will fall.

A braver race has never yet been known
 Than fate has given to adorn our throne—
 Cautious, yet valiant, fit for war or peace,
 Kingdoms all own the pow'rful Nassau race!
 Alva's high duke, and Philip, king of Spain,
 From silent William fled with loss and pain;
 Small were his means; but mighty was the end—
 Spain he repuls'd, and help'd his Lisbon friend
 The brave Sebastian, on that fatal shore
 From whence return'd, nor king, nor army, more;
 All perish'd there! to Moorish hosts a prey:
 Some died in battle, some in slavery!
 He clear'd his soil, rent seven rich states away
 From the proud bigot's ruthless iron sway.
 That savage tyrant, shudder'd at his fame;
 For vain revenge, made blacker his vile name;
 He basely fix'd a price upon that life
 He dar'd not face in manly warlike strife.

HYLAS.

Ah, Strephon, that was truly a great prince,
 As the proud actions of his life evince.

C

STREPHON.

Noble he was, and so are all his line ;
 Like gold when prov'd, 'tis thus they ever shine !
 Gaul's greatest king, the mightiest of that throne,
 Vainly essay'd a William to dethrone ;
 The haughty legions that proud monarch led,
 Humbled, and beat, in consternation fled :
 His glory ceas'd, he clos'd in dire disgrace,
 A reign, had sore oppress'd the human race ;
 Mercy was shown him from great Nassau's breast,
 And France was spar'd, by him France had oppress !
 This William reign'd in Britain, while his sway
 Spread far and wide, proud states did him obey !

HYLAS.

And well they might, a character so great,
 Is rarely born, to rule; and bless a state.

STREPHON.

These were our Williams, and such will be found
 All their great race, who rule this Belgic ground ;
 Princes like these, are lov'd at home, and fear'd
 By foreign pow'rs ; thus peace is best secur'd.

Brave in the field, for sagest counsels fam'd,
 Have been the Williams history has nam'd;
 Patrons of arts and sciences sublime,
 Of ev'ry nation, and of ev'ry clime;
 Friends to the poet, by the muses lov'd,
 As songs and books, for ages, still have prov'd.
 Great race! tis thus Augustus gain'd his fame;
 Not less by patronage than Caesar's name!

HYLAS.

A happy country Belgium must remain
 While this great race over her people reign.

STEPHEN.

See our wise king, enriching fast the States,
 By golden commerce; trade upon us waits
 From ev'ry port; and merchants freely trust
 A government, to ev'ry class most just.
 For confidence, and easy dues, obtain
 Those precious freights, which float upon the main.
 By prudent cares, our colonies increase
 Their stores of wealth, sweet proofs of love and peace!

They send us home rich spices, and rich stores
 Of various kinds, from west and eastern shores.
 Treasures of ev'ry clime, proud ships convey
 To Belgium—from each trading port and bay.
 The hardy trade of fishing now we prize,
 That trade, to which great Carthage ow'd her rise;
 But braver men our Northern Seas prepare
 For great exploits, her sons could never dare!
 This trade gives riches, and sound vig'rous health,
 Nerves a bold race, and yields the nation wealth.

HYLAS.

Delicious fish we shepherds oft obtain,
 It is so cheaply vended on our plain;
 And is a dainty we scarce knew before,
 Though now, of salt and fresh, we've ample store.

STREPHON.

Nor is it less our thoughtful monarch's care,
 The wrongs of harmless shepherds to repair;
 The peaceful peasant need no longer dread,
 He will, by cruel force, to war be led;

Nor need he fear, for he may safely keep
 His hay, and corn, swine, poultry, kine, and sheep;
 His fruits, and herbs, are safe for him to cull,
 And his rich bees now fill their hives brim full;
 While, no rough soldier, for his bed or food,
 Dare to the matrons, or the maids, be rude;
 For troops no more claim billets on this soil,
 No more can soldiers Belgic homes despoil!
 These ills are past, our goods are sacred grown,
 And in sweet peace we now enjoy our own;
 The farmer reaps the fields which he has sown,
 And houses safe the crops his lands have grown;
 Our meadows flourish, and our flocks abound,
 Their numbers greater, on a richer ground;
 For agriculture is the monarch's care,
 And he the wrongs of shepherds does repair;
 A just complaint is sure to be redrest,
 For pow'r and justice dwell in the same breast!

HYLAS.

O, happy race! no cares our thoughts employ;
 Beyond our flocks and fields, which yield us joy.

STREPHON.

Hylas, I feel content; my cares are past,
On our lov'd soil I hope to breathe my last;
Amidst my friends enjoying some sweet years,
Forgetful of old dangers, wounds, and cares:
My pipe I'll tune, that on this sylvan ground,
Sweet past'ral notes again may freely sound;
And martial airs, to cheer my brother swains,
For I will sing of battles on these plains:
Bold, warlike song, the youthful bosom fires,
And gen'rous transports to the heart inspires.
If peace continue, thus I'll pass my time
Amongst old friends, blest in my native clime;
Tuning my pipe, to teach the youthful heart
The warlike feelings, I would fain impart;
And some kind muse will aid my warm design,
Will fire my song with strains of war divine;
That no proud state may strive to domineer
O'er Belgic rights—none dare to interfere!
For gen'rous thoughts will fire each youthful mind,
And ev'ry Belgian to his monarch bind;

But if stern fate (for none can fate foresee).
 At length dooms war, by its unchang'd decree,
 Whilst I have vigour left to bear my frame,
 I'll join the Prince, my life shall aid his fame!
 I'll lead the youth my warlike music fires,
 For they fight bravest whom the muse inspires.
 Thus, if my Prince bears arms against the foe,
 Adieu, sweet sylvan life, to war I go!

HYLAS.

I've list'ned Strephon, to the wondrous woes
 My friend has brav'd, in combating Gaul's foes,
 With vast surprise! but see, the sun is down,
 And angry clouds fast from the westward frown;
 Most fiery red that beaut'ous orb declin'd,
 So we may look for rain and boist'rous wind.
 My flock grows wild, sure sign a storm is nigh,
 From whose dire rage, sage prudence bids us fly:
 Then let us hasten to my humble shed,
 Before the falling rain pours on your head,
 There, with glad tidings I shall bless the swain;
 Shall fill with joy the shepherds of this plain;

Shall tell your strange escapes from clime and sword;
To eager list'ners, round my frugal board,
Who will delight to hear your perils past,
And to your friends behold you join'd at last;
All will be pleas'd, for Strephon means to rest
Amidst his brethren—and he is my guest!

PASTORAL THE SECOND.

Strephon and Hylas.

CONTINUED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hylas, while tending his flock at pasture, is joined by Strephon, shortly after the arrival of the latter from Siberia. He extols Strephon's musical skill; congratulates him on the joy his presence has inspired in the village; praises his friend's good conduct; and complains of the French for not having rewarded his services, although they had amply repaid those of the higher military classes. Strephon replies, by telling the impossibility of rewarding every individual; and by shewing the policy of supporting the chief men. The dialogue is then continued by Hylas' general complaints of the inequality of men's situations, and the consequent happiness of the rich and great over that of the poor; but Strephon exerts his superior knowledge and experience in undeceiving Hylas, by shewing that neither wealth nor rank ensure happiness, which is open to all classes; and that the only way to obtain it, is "to be content;" and he concludes, by anticipating, that if fate grants him length of years, it will be his proud task, assisted by the muses, to celebrate the noble exploits of a Belgic king.

HYLAS.

Does Strephon come to pass an hour away,
And treat his friend to his rich company?

My flock is still, my dog too lies at rest
 Beneath the trees, and so can my lov'd guest:
 From Sol's bright rays, here cool you may repose,
 And chat, or play a tune, or sweetly dose.

STREPHON.

I came my friend, to pass the time away,
 And, in your converse, close this sultry day;
 The heat is great, but here I will recline
 To chat in peace till Sol has ceas'd to shine;
 I will not dose, nor on your pipe will play,
 In sweeter converse let us end this day,
 For here I'll rest, until you lead the sheep
 From this rich pasture, to the place of sleep.

HYLAS.

'Tis well; and since we've time to chat at ease,
 Free from the crowd my friend so well does please;
 Strephon, I'll say, what transports you impart
 By the sweet notes that penetrate each heart;
 Rich are your tunes, in music you excel;
 Soft past'ral airs, none can perform so well;

They soothe our thoughts to peace, to tranquil bliss
 So heavenly sweet, the notes we do not miss
 When the pipe stops, for, to the tuneful ear,
 The quiv'ring, mellow sounds, long seem quite near.
 Fair maids feel mad with love at those soft strains,
 And not less simple are the youthful swains,
 But when your breath does martial notes inspire,
 How chang'd the feelings from love's genial fire,
 Proud grow our swains, their youthful blood then boils
 For war and battle, perils and hard toils;
 They pant for strife, to combat they would go,
 And bravely face the deadliest mortal foe!
 The women shed some tears of sad distress,
 For your sweet strains on their soft bosoms press!
 Should war disturb us, tune your pipe, my friend,
 And youthful Belgians will your steps attend!

STREPHON.

I will do so; if war disturbs this land
 I'll lead my prince a well selected band.
 But something whispers, peace will bless this shore,
 And Strephon to the wars need march no more,

HYLAS.

Now let me say, what joy you have inspir'd
 Throughout the village, ev'ry breast is fir'd
 With friendly love, while shepherds bless the day,
 Fate and our Prince conducted you this way,
 Safely amidst your ancient friends to rest,
 Esteem'd by all, and Hylas' lov'd guest!

STREPHON.

Hylas, 'tis sweet, here on my native soil,
 To be so richly paid for my past toil;
 To live so cherish'd by each honest breast,
 Is bliss indeed, 'tis life most truly blest!
 A constant fair, a constant jubilee,
 The ten days I've been here, have been for me.

HYLAS.

And well you merit all that we can do,
 Our approbation and warm love to show;
 Had you been great, a nation would repay
 That which we shepherds do, in our poor way.
 Say, why should proud and lofty chieftain claim
 Public and private trophies of his fame?

Has he done more than Strephon for the state?
 Has he fought braver, though so proud his fate?
 His life's his all; and all's lost when he dies;
 An equal treasure, my dear friend can prize.

STREPHON.

He may not, friend; but rank must be sustain'd;
 Through discipline alone the vict'ry's gain'd;
 Through discipline the soldier is control'd;
 When timid, cheer'd; and curb'd, when rashly
 bold.

An army would be terrible alone
 To its own chiefs, were discipline unknown.

HYLAS.

I grant it Strephon; but the gen'ral's paid—
 Most amply too—his laurels need not fade
 For want of nourishment; a nation's care
 Is to provide for him, and his proud heir;
 While the poor soldier, crippled, and discharg'd,
 Is taught by want, his freedom is enlarg'd;
 His rations gone, his pocket void of coin,
 Where is he welcome; in what house to dine?

No longer useful, his priz'd vigour past,
 He now may starve, or steal to break his fast :
 Starve, or get hung ! what a sad contrast here
 To his proud gen'ral, made a knight or peer !
 That gen'ral, whom this vet'ran bold, led on
 The desp'rate breach, by hardy soldiers won !
 For e'en I know, the bayonet wins the prize,
 The bravest man by that curst weapon dies !

STREPHON.

Hylas, tis true, the gen'ral gains the fame
 Of ev'ry vict'ry, but he bears the shame
 Of all defeats ; great charges load his breast ;
 The safety of whole hosts upon him rest ;
 The scales of justice, with impartial hand,
 'Tis his to balance o'er a troubled land ;
 T'o punish crimes, and rectify each wrong,
 Are tasks that to his lofty place belong.
 Father, or judge, stern magistrate, or spy,
 He should be each, nor any care deny.
 A nation trusts him, and the charge is great,
 For on him rests the welfare of the state.

Prudent, and wise ; yet beaten, he must fly,
 And doubtless he then envies those who die
 Upon the field. Yes, friend, he has his cares,
 And if he tastes sweet joy, 'tis mix'd with fears.

HYLAS.

Oft on this plain while tending of my sheep,
 And care was wanting; then to rove or sleep
 Had lost my flock, have I seen march by here
 Thousands of soldiers; pilferers in the rear,
 Plund'ring on all sides; ev'ry beast astray,
 Or loosely watch'd, the ruffians stole away;
 They robb'd my cot, took all my flour and cheese,
 Rifled my stores, treasur'd for winter's ease;
 My fruits they stole, my bees they quite destroy'd,
 Those fruitful bees, that long had been my pride.

STREPHON.

These evils, Hylas, ever will attend
 A marching army, whether foe or friend;
 But where the discipline is best, we find
 Least mischief done, and most deeds just and kind.

HYLAS.

I've often seen stout soldiers, sickly pale,
 With blister'd feet, upon this hard road fail;
 Knock'd up; no longer able to sustain
 The martial pace their comrades trod with pain;
 Gall'd by their loads; a musquet and large pack,
 Tiring the arm, and pressing on the back;
 I've seen them lay upon this bank oppress
 With woes, and pleas'd to find a place for rest;
 But the gay officer, how blest his fate,
 He gives command, and rides in noble state;
 Fatigue he feels not, for he bears no load—
 A pleasant life this—for his country's good!

SPREPHON.

Ah, thus we judge, too hastily we deem
 Men blest and happy, because so they seem;
 The world is led (a dupe to outward show)
 To credit what it sees, nor truth does know.
 I thought like you, but time has taught me more,
 Time and experience; yes, experience sore

Has taught me much, and I can plainly see,
That ev'ry state of life finds misery.

HYLAS.

It may be so, each state may feel some care,
But not, my friend, in portions that are fair;
The toiling peasant's life, flows not so sweet
As the rich lord's, whose bread he's glad to eat;
Nor can I think the soldier's life, so gay
As the proud captain's, whom he must obey.

STREPHON.

Hylas, for twenty years I've seen mankind
In various climes, and of all ranks, yet find
Men are alike; the same wild passion fires,
The great and lowly, own the same desires.
Fate has ordain'd the share of bliss men taste,
Where to enjoy, and where to spoil, or waste.

HYLAS.

'Tis strange; but he who claims great store of wealth;
Rank, and command, and more, is blest with health,

D

Must sure be happier than the lab'ring swain,
Who earns his bread by dint of toil, and pain.

STREPHON.

Far happier is the swain of low estate,
From danger free, and stranger to debate;
He takes his wholesome food from nature's hand,
The rich returns for harvesting the land;
His cares are lull'd with moments of sweet bliss,
His darling children greet him with their kiss;
His ev'ning hours, in frolics pass away,
In laughter, jokes, and ev'ry harmless play,
His mind is always in a quiet state,
Content with fortune, and resign'd to fate.

HYLAS.

But those poor mortals, doom'd to beg or roam,
Taste not the joys which peasants can at home.

STREPHON.

You reason wrong; for in a general way,
Observe the rich and poor: which are most gay?

Has not experience unto Hylas taught,
 The rich man's face is mark'd with deepest thought
 Poor folks laugh loud and often, but not so
 The rich and mighty—laughter they scarce know!

HYLAS

'Tis true; for oft while tending of my sheep,
 I've seen great folks in meditation deep
 Ride by, appearing lost in woe and thought,
 While passing beggars laugh'd and car'd for nought.

STREPHON.

Strange passions Hylas, rage within man's breast,
 Passions which never let th' ambitious rest;
 Ambition is a curse, and few are free
 From its sad pow'r, 'midst all the great we see.

HYLAS.

It must be so, or why those chiefs so sad
 Who feed on dainties, are with honours clad?
 For whom proud ships to various climates sail,
 And treasures waft back, with each fav'ring gale;

For whom the peasants labour, artists toil,
 Some plough the ocean, others plough the soil;
 Both land and sea, to heap them wealth combine,
 And art and labour, for their pleasures join.
 Rice food, fair garments, and the choicest wine,
 Are claimed as rights, by this much honour'd line.

STREPHON.

And vain is all, for wealth cannot content
 The man whose mind on pride and pomp is bent;
 Not all the honours of a state can sooth,
 Or satisfy ambition; its self love
 Can know no end; it ever craves for more,
 And is a gulph which does all good devour.
 He who in youth, one step advances on,
 First feels ambition, and he thinks no wrong
 Can ever spring from such a welcome guest;
 'Tis thus the venom's nourish'd in his breast.
 Sometimes it flatters, and he rises high,
 Succeeds in all things which he dares to try;

But clad in ermine, cover'd o'er with stars,
 Num'rous his titles, sound from hurt or scars,
 Loaded with treasures, blest in love and health,
 Prince of a state, and master of its wealth—
 All can't avail; ambition proves his curse,
 Some trifle stops him, and what can be worse?
 Some spot of land, some honour he would gain;
 Alas! he fails, and now is fill'd with pain;
 Perhaps some rival, favour'd at his cost
 Causes deep grief, for what vain hopes have lost.
 No longer lucky, see him pine with woes,
 And curse kind fortune, where so much he owes.
 Such is ambition, whether it succeeds
 To highest pow'r and to the greatest deeds,
 Or when it fails, at any stage between
 The dawn of promise, and crown'd laurels green.

HYLAS.

Wrapp'd in surprise, I listen to you friend;
 I mutely listen, and I close attend,
 For all is new you bring to my pleas'd ear,
 You know the world, nor need man's schemes to fear.

Yet it seems strange, where wealth and rank prevail,
 Ambition's sting the bosom should assail.
 But tell me, Strephon, have you felt the smart
 Of curst ambition, rankle in your heart?

STREPHON.

I felt it Hylas in a small degree
 When made a serjeant, but it fled from me,
 For soon I found promotion at an end
 For one who had no wealth, or pow'rful friend,
 A Belgian too; how could I hope to rise
 In a French legion, where French int'rest lies?

HYLAS.

'Twere vain to hope it. No one aided you

STREPHON.

No help I found. I had no friend, 'tis true;
 Nor could my stubborn spirit learn to bend
 To ev'ry meanness, that I might ascend;
 For I was honest, knew my state too well
 To noise my wrongs, or on my actions dwell.
 But to get on in military fame,
 To gain promotion, and a martial name,

To please the chief, and win his useful praise
 In war's dispatch, men stoop to dirty ways.
 The candidate should flatter, bow, and lie,
 To all above him ev'ry meanness try
 That mortals know; but once raised o'er the crowd
 The tale is diff'rent: he may now be proud,
 Audacious, noisy, arrogant and vain,
 Then what he covets he may hope to gain.
 I've rarely known a modest man ascend
 To lofty rank, though skill'd, and virtue's friend.
 The bold and crafty libertine thrives best,
 Who has no kind of virtue in his breast,
 He systematically gains his ends
 By sacrifice of principles and friends.

HYLAS.

Oh Strephon! what a cruel case is this.

STREPHO

Judge not so soon, or you will judge amiss;
 I've painted curst ambition to your view
 In a just light, with colours shaded true,

For let the upstart gain what'er he may,
 He lives unhappy, fill'd with jealousy,
 Envious of all who may above him rise,
 Nor will content be his, though rich the prize.

HYLAS.

Then is high rank and pow'r of no avail?
 And will our prince's good endeavours fail?

STREPHON.

They cannot fail; his bounty does wide flow,
 Which well the widows and the orphans know,
 His charity extends o'er all the land,
 And soothes distress and want with gen'rous hand;
 His fostering care diffuses genial heat
 From the low beggar, to the begging great;
 Thus wealth and power, in noble hands, dispense
 The gifts of God; an ample recompence
 For all our toils and cares. Be but content,
 And fortune's choicest gift to man is sent.
 Content is happiness, 'tis bliss divine,
 Contended be, and ev'ry care resign!

HYLAS.

I'll be content, and never will complain,
 O give me food, and keep me free from pain,
 Is all my pray'r, is all my wish below !

STREPHON.

And it is all kind heav'n can bestow,
 When raiment's added. He who toils for bread,
 And in the meanest hovel rests his head,
 Though poor, is happy, if his mind's at rest,
 Nor can a sov'reign feel more truly blest !

HYLAS.

I am content, from you this lesson flows,
 Strephon I thank you for my mind's repose.

STREPHON.

Then rest in peace, and I will do the same,
 Wrapp'd in soft joys, in quiet Sylvan fame ;
 But if kind fate decrees me length of days,
 The sacred muses will inspire my lays ;
 And make it mine, in lofty strains to sing
 The noble actions of a Belgic king !

Should war disturb us, grand will be my strain,
For I shall sing a hero and his train;
Victorious combats and immortal fame,
Heroic verses from my muse will claim!
But if sweet peace continues, on this ground
My happier song with gentle deeds will sound;
The arts of peace, fair commerce, and rich soil,
The fruits of wisdom, and the monarchs toil.
These shall I sing; for Belgium must be great,
So ably rul'd, though peace or war her fate!!

PASTORAL THE THIRD.

Strephon and Hylas,

CONTINUED.

THE ARGUMENT.

This pastoral dialogue takes place ten years after the two former, and it appears by it, that Strephon obtained a wealthy wife and is blest with two children. The Prince of Orange's marriage is mentioned, and Strephon compares the king's conduct to that of the great Ptolemy Philadelphus, and relates various anecdotes of different monarchs and wise chiefs; concluding by an earnest wish that the Prince may follow the steps of his Father and all these great chiefs, and that a long line of kings of his race may reign after him on the Belgic throne.

HYLAS.

Ten years have pass'd since Strephon has return'd
Safe from those wars which peace for Belgium earn'd;
Ten years have pass'd, and undisturb'd we rest,
In peace and plenty our rich country blest.
Your warlike cares, my friend, may well subside,
For time yields pleasure, it so smooth does glide.

STREPHON.

True are your words, ten years have sweetly past
 Since my return, a wand'ring, poor outcast!
 Since on this bank my weary'd limbs reclin'd,
 To tell my tale, and greet a friend most kind.
 How chang'd my life since then, peace fills my
 breast,
 And 'midst domestic joys my hours are blest.

HYLAS.

Ah, Strephon! well I deem'd that you would wed,
 After long wars enjoy the peaceful bed
 Of nuptial love; and happy is your lot,
 A cheerful partner, with large dow'r you've got;
 Two children bless your days, and many kine,
 Oxen and sheep, good horses, fowls, and swine;
 A pleasant dwelling, and a cheerful wife
 Are yours, to solace care and sweeten life.

STREPHON.

These blessings are all mine, nor all my store,
 I boast good friends, and man can boast no more.

HYLAS.

You merit friends, your friendship to repay,
No warmer heart than Strephon's beats this day.

STREPHON.

Enough good Hylas, we each other know,
A truce to compliment, 'tis friendship's foe.

HYLAS.

I often muse upon your dangers past,
From fire, from sword, and vivid lightnings blast,
From thirst, from famine, hurricanes at sea,
Spanish stiletto, and vile slavery,
In various climes, and num'rous perils more,
Which you have boldly fac'd, and nobly bore:
On these I muse, and wonder at pass'd woes,
Until a happier theme from mem'ry flows:
Strephon, I think how easily you gain'd
The richest wife that shepherd e'er obtain'd
On these our plains; your pipe and warlike tale
Won the fair prize, the fairest of the dale.

Had your sires toil'd a century, or more,
 With a stock'd farm, they had not heap'd the store
 Which Strephon claims; now far the wealthiest swain
 In lands and cattle, of this fertile plain;
 One day gave all, the nuptial knot was tied,
 And Strephon's was the wealth, and lovely bride;
 Your twenty years of foreign toils and care
 Are part rewarded by a fate so fair.

STREPHON.

I'm overpaid; I'm debtor to kind fate;
 No toils of mine deserve so bless'd a state!
 If pure felicity is felt below,
 'Tis mine that pure felicity to know.
 A faithful wife, as loving as she's fair,
 And two sweet children now demand my care;
 A good estate, and wealth of ev'ry kind,
 A healthy body, and a peaceful mind;
 All these are mine, and choicest blessings more,
 Kind friends—who make my cup of sweets brim o'er!

HYLAS.

Since with our pastor you became so great,
 You've studied books my friend, at no small rate;
 You read with him and talk of ancient times,
 And mighty men, who fought in various climes;
 And some who wrote, sweet poets long at rest.
 Yet still alive, and in their writings blest!

STREPHON.

Hylas, I've learnt no less from books than man,
 Knowledge is sweet, obtain it how we can;
 'Tis cheaply bought, though dangers we should face
 Of pestilential clime, or hostile race;
 But books, learn'd book, are treasures we should
 prize,
 They bring all climes, all knowledge to our eyes;
 They teach both pass'd and present, and they tell
 How we should live to thrive, and serve God well.

HYLAS.

I am unskill'd, nor have I time to spare,
 My home affairs and flocks require my care;

But I delight to chat the eve away
 At your fire side, to mark what there you say,
 And what the pastor tells, for 'twixt you two
 I'm always pleas'd, by hearing something new!

STREPHON.

I augur'd well sweet peace would bless this soil
 For many years, nor troops our homes despoil;
 That conscript laws no more would us molest,
 Nor peaceful shepherds to the wars be prest;
 That happy peasants long would till this ground,
 And each whole year in rural joys abound;
 That farmers here would reap the lands they
 sow,

And from good crops and cattle rich would grow.
 While honest shepherds felt no joy or care,
 But tending sheep, and piping to the fair.

HYLAS.

O, may these happy days continue long!

STREPHON.

To peace and wisdom these rich days belong.

Our monarch's skill to govern, far excels
 All we had hop'd for, or that hist'ry tells
 Of ancient kings. 'Tis now the Nassau line
 In the priz'd arts of peace superbly shine!
 No words of mine can justice do the king,
 He wisely rules beyond my pow'r to sing;
 Suffice to say, no nation of our size,
 Is half so rich, and none so fast does rise
 In strength or means; proofs of the monarch's zeal,
 And happy talents for the public weal.
 Fair commerce, with proud science, and rich art,
 Their utmost treasures to this clime impart.
 Fishing and Agriculture, fill the state
 With precious food, sold at an easy rate.
 William the first abundance thus bestows,
 From his parental care this blessing flows;
 Posterity will venerate his name,
 And distant ages celebrate his fame;
 Founder of kings to sway the Belgic line,
 Belgium and Holland to one sceptre join!

HYLAS.

This you foretold; you said it would be so,
 That under William we should mighty grow;
 A prophet sure in my old friend I find,
 You tell so true, your words dwell in my mind.
 Ten years ago, to me your friend, you said
 Our prince's influence from Siberia led
 The captive train, that miserable band,
 But for the prince had perish'd on that land,
 Which since is prov'd, the nuptial knot which tied
 The emp'ror's sister, did the point decide.
 When our prince won that lovely maid, 'twas clear
 To the great czar of Russia he was dear.

STREPHON.

'Twas a brave match, our prince is nobly wed,
 All that is great or lovely shares his bed;
 The emp'ror's sister was a lovely prize,
 A dazzling meteor to imperial eyes,
 E'en the French emp'ror's self could not obtain
 So great a treasure on his throne to reign.

HYLAS.

I've seen her Strephon, what a lovely fair,
And yet so grand, to view her I scarce dare !

STREPHON.

Grand as she is, no pride disturbs her breast,
She loves the prince, and by his love is blest;
A tender mother and a faithful wife
Prince William boasts, to soothe and bless this life.
She is ador'd throughout the Belgic clime,
All classes love her, in her praises join;
May she live long in peace is my warm prayer,
On Belgium's throne to breath our native air.

HYLAS.

I join you Strephon in that ardent pray'r ;
May heav'n show'r blessings on the lovely fair,
We shepherds wish, and that her race may sway
These realms for ages, happy as this day.

STREPHON.

A fruitful mother yields full hope of this
For Belgium's peace and lasting happiness,

While the wise conduct of the best of kings,
 A precedent for all successor's brings.
 Strict justice, Hylas, and economy
 Of public treasure in the king we see:
 The taxes now are light, and cease to press
 On any class, they cannot well be less;
 The debt is small, and daily smaller grows
 This legacy of war and foreign foes;
 No neighbouring state, with us at sea can cope
 Their mighty debts must rain that proud hope;
 And make them yield just rights they should obtain,
 For smaller states more free from debt to gain;
 Thus misruled nations, in vain wars engage,
 And waste the people's wealth in futile rage;
 Destroy the best resources of the clime,
 Then, when aggrieved, no more in strife dare join.
 Curs'd is that country, where the chief is vain,
 Allur'd by flatt'ry, or from war seeks gain;
 Commerce soon quits those ports where she's distress'd
 By heavy dues—in them she cannot rest,

But to our ports, rich ships, with cargoes proud,
Sure of success, in endless numbers crowd.

HYLAS.

We must grow rich; you clearly show the cause
Springs from the king's ripe judgment and sound laws;
But Strephon, say, if learned books can tell,
Did ancient monarchs ever rule so well?
Did any state in pow'r so rapid rise?
Do other men, like you, sound judgment prize?

STREPHON.

Great David's son, (the wisest of the wise)
To kings and judges, justice does advise,
To search their counsels, and attentive hear
Ev'ry complaint, for men to God are dear,
And claim respect from kings—if God they fear!

HYLAS,

My bible teaches this, the book of kings
To ev'ry Christian this fair knowledge brings;
And the smooth song of Solomon the wise,
Full well I know strict justice does advise.

STREPHON,

In Homer's time those kings were deem'd the
best,

Who judg'd the truest, and all wrongs redrest.

Philip of Macedon first train'd the bands,

Bequeath'd his son brave subjects and rich lands,

To win great states, or Alexander's name

Had long since perish'd, long been dead to fame.

Wise Ptolemy his captain, who possess

Egyptia's throne, left stores for ends more blest

To his lov'd son, proud Egypt's greatest king,

The second Ptolemy, whom poets sing

As Philadelphus, he men's welfare sought

With zealous care, his prudence riches brought

From ev'ry clime; fair commerce was his aim,

And trading people from each nation came,

They flock'd to Egypt, the rich Nile appear'd

A crowded forest whither all ships steer'd;

Great Ptolemy for justice was renown'd,

No king more learned ever rul'd that ground;

His cares to art and science did extend,
 A gen'rous patron, and a zealous friend,
 Lib'ral to all, magnificent as great,
 The wealthiest monarch that e'er bless'd a state;
 Cities he built, more num'rous than before:
 Were known to flourish on that fertile shore;
 Full thirty thousand towns his pow'r obey'd,
 And num'rous kingdoms his rich sceptre sway'd;
 Yet such his skill, by easy dues of trade,
 That he grew richer, and all claimants paid,
 The poet's friend, Theocritus does tell—
 Theocritus, who sung the queen full well,
 And her great son, for Ptolemy's great name
 And Berenice's live to deathless fame!

HYLAS.

This monarch's deeds seem handed down with skill,
 Pray tell me, did his race the throne long fill?

STREPHON.

Long rul'd his race, while Egypt bore great sway,
 For seventeen ages commerce did obey

That mighty pow'r; she reign'd the queen of trade
 Form'd by this king, of whom the poet said,
 "No bard at Bacchus' festival appears,
 Whose lyre has pow'r to charm the ravish'd ears,
 But he bright honours and rewards imparts,
 Due to his merits, equal to his arts;
 And poets hence for deathless song renown'd,
 The gen'rous fame of Ptolemy resound.
 At what more glorious can the wealthy aim,
 Than thus to purchase fair and lasting fame,
 The great Altrids this alone enjoy,
 While all the wealth and spoil of plunder'd Troy,
 That 'scap'd the raging flame or whelming wave,
 Lies buried in oblivions greedy grave?"

HYLAS.

'Tis pleasing Strephon, thus to hear you tell
 Of kings who govern'd mighty states so well,
 Ages and ages pass'd; 'tis strange to hear,
 And yet more strange, men still their names
 revere;

But if Theocritus had fail'd to write,
The deeds of Ptolemy had sunk in night.

STREPHON.

They had so Hylas; fame requires the aid
Of a choice pen, or soon it sinks in shade!
In later times Augustus Cæsar prov'd
That perfect justice makes a monarch lov'd.
A father, and a friend great Cæsar reign'd
Belov'd by all; his mighty pow'r sustain'd
By wisdom, for the whole known world obey'd
The peaceful sceptre his ripe judgment sway'd.
Yet this great emp'ror left his stately throne,
To make the cause of poverty his own,
He pleaded at the bar, nor spoke in vain
For an old warrior—he his cause did gain!
And, greater still, reproof he patient heard
From the ag'd vet'ran, who the suit prefer'd.
E'en when Macænas dar'd this emp'ror greet
As a loath'd tyrant, bid him quit the seat

Of justice; wise Augustus clearly saw
 He must have err'd, have varied from just law,
 Nor lent his ear to mercy; he then trod
 From his proud seat, and thanks was seen to
 nod.

HYLAS.

Pray tell me, in that virtuous emp'ror's reign
 Did not proud Rome her greatest pow'r attain?

STREPHON.

She did; and near four million souls she bore;
 No city match'd great Rome, since or before.

HYLAS.

A wondrous crowd to feed, and to provide
 With work and homes, and ev'ry want beside;
 To keep in order, their commotions stay,
 By wisdom guide, and teach them to obey.

STREPHON.

And yet most happy was his peaceful reign,
 Quite free from tumults to create him pain;

His laws were good, and worthy men in place,
 Men who did justice to the human race.
 Thus all wise kings the public int'rest guide,
 And choose good men o'er business to preside;
 The people's love awaits impartial sway,
 And pow'rful justice they in peace obey.

HYLAS.

I grant it Strephon, for I see its true.
 Belgium now proves what a wise king can do.

STREPHON.

E'en a wise chief, presiding o'er a pow'r
 Of trifling size, may num'rous blessings show'r.
 The Florence Duke Lorenzo, thus did guide
 That little state, then Italy's chief pride;
 With great Augustus men his name compare,
 He priz'd the arts, and learning was his caro;
 Of Medici's wise race, he wisest shone,
 No state like his for talent then was known.

HYLAS.

Happy the country bless'd by such a sway,
 Where justice guides, men cheerfully obey.

STREPHON.

Fred'rick the great of Prussia, dar'd oppose
 Most mighty states; he conquer'd num'rous foes
 With trifling force; but 'twas his father's skill
 To form that force, and the rich treas'ry fill.
 'Tis thus wise kings prepare an easy way,
 For able sons to gain still greater sway.

HYLAS.

Great Frederick was a king of dreaded fame,
 For justice strict no less renown'd his name,
 Of all the tales you tell of men's good deeds,
 His justice done the miller, none exceeds;
 He travell'd far to scrutinize his cause,
 And stripp'd the judge for tamp'ring with the laws;
 Made the proud lord who this poor man had wrong'd
 Fourfold repay what had to him belong'd.

STREPHON.

Of various other chiefs I could relate
 Exalted deeds, but more I need not state;
 These will suffice to shew, that zealous care,
 Wisdom and justice are by no means rare

To find 'mongst princes—that wise men oft reign
 Belov'd through life, and doom'd to lasting fame!
 And though I doubt it not, yet may our prince
 Rival those chiefs, e'en greater skill evince,
 Shall be my pray'r: may he a throne ascend,
 To bless the people, be their guardian friend.
 May wisdom guide him, steady to pursue
 Virtue's sweet path, his judgment's always true!
 May poets sing his deeds to distant times,
 Ever to live in their luxuriant rhymes!
 May love, and health, and peace, crown all his time,
 AND A LONG RACE OF KINGS PROLONG HIS LINE!

END OF STREPHON AND HYLAS.

PASTORAL THE FOURTH.

Thenot and Geron.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this pastoral is the loves of Lubin and Annette; and the Dialogue takes place between Geron (Annette's father) and Thenot (Lubin's uncle) in Thenot's garden, upon Geron's coming there in search of his daughter.

THENOT.

Friend Geron, I rejoice to see thee here,
Welcome to France, and to our homely cheer;
The richest wine my cellar can afford,
And the best food, for thee shall grace the board.

GERON.

Thenot, of thee I've often bought good kine,
Oxen and sheep, large bullocks, and fat swine,
And paid their price in coin of Belgic state,
Of purest gold, and of the fullest weight;
To thee my heart felt warm'd by kind regard,
But Thenot, it has met a sad reward.

THENOT.

E'er thou accuse me Geron, pray impart
The grief that preys upon thy honest heart,
Tell the suspicions which oppress thy brain,
Let Thenot prove that he is not to blame.

GERON.

It may be so; and I with joy should hear
My friend excus'd, for I've strong grounds to
fear

He's much in fault; yet Thenot I will try
Thy truth, by telling thee my misery.

THENOT.

Then rest thee Geron from the sultry heat,
And on this bank, beside me take thy seat;
The shade is thick, nor shall we feel the pow'r
Of solar rays beneath this spreading bow'r;
Or Geron, say, before thou tell'st thy woes
Thou'lt take refreshment, and enjoy repose;
That to my house our steps we first may bend,
To rest and solace thee—most valued friend.

GERON.

Thenot, from thee such offers I decline,
Nor food, nor rest, nor e'en thy cheering wine,
Shall glad my soul, unless I clearly see
My ancient friend is still a friend to me:
My horse is hous'd and I will sit me here,
Until I've brought my story to thine ear.

THENOT.

'Tis good; and I will clear myself from blame
As sure as fate—for Thenot is my name

GERON.

Thou knowest Thenot, I have led a life
For five long years depriv'd of my good wife;
Alas! she died, dear partner of my bed,
And with her my best joys for ever fled;
But still some bliss remain'd to soothe my care,
A lovely daughter, loveliest of the fair,
My partner left, my pride and my delight,
For whom I toil'd the day, and pray'd at
night,

My hopes and views, once center'd in the maid
And her warm heart my kindness well repaid.

THENOT.

I know the fair, the lovely Annette's charms
Have fill'd far distant swains with love's alarms.

GERON.

To rear the girl has been my anxious care,
To make her good, as heav'n has form'd her fair
My constant wish, my study, and my pride,
And for this end, no cost have I denied.
My ample stores with pleasure I have spread,
My fleeces sold, and seen my cattle led
To market, that fair Annette might command
The ab'lest masters of fair Belgium's land.
And when she plays, whose notes do sweeter
swell?
And when she sings, whose song does her's excel?

THENOT.

I know none Geron; none with her compare
In song or music, 'midst our sylvan fair.

F

GERON.

I liv'd for Annette, saw her beauties rise
 With the lov'd fondness of a father's eyes ;
 Trac'd ev'ry virtue as it stronger grew,
 And fancied her religion pure and true.
 Believ'd her mind was far above disguise,
 And as I knew her lovely, thought her wise.
 Deceitful hopes ; ah ! never to return
 Annette, so late my pride, I now must spurn.

THENOT.

Say not so Geron, for the maid is pure,
 Be of her virtue and religion sure ;
 Shun not thy child, Annette does not deceive,
 Nor can I aught against the maid believe.

GERON.

She was my joy, my only hope below,
 On Annette, art and nature both bestow
 Their choicest gifts : alas, dispens'd in vain,
 I hold them sent for my disgrace and pain.

THENOT.

Be not so sad, let reason hold her sway,
Conclude thy tale, and hear what I shall say.

GERON.

This may-day pass'd, I destin'd her to wed
Young Cymon, whose warm heart by love was led
To court the maid, to share his ample store
Of wealth—in houses, lands, and richest ore.
He is the son of Tournay's wealthy mayor,
His only child, to all his treasures heir;
And more, is master of a large estate
Left by an uncle, whilst his envied fate
Gives stores of gold, and numerous sheep and kine,
Devolving on him from the mother's line.

His father loves him, and approves his flame
For my fair daughter, cover'd now with shame.
She was eighteen, the day fix'd on to share
By wedded rights, the wealth of Tournay's heir;
But all my hopes are blighted, she is gone,
Fled from her father—never to return!

THENOT.

Believe not so; all, all is for the best,
She must have lov'd her partner—to be blest.

GERON.

On May-day morn, ere sol his beams display'd,
Annette was gone, in plain attire array'd;
Yes, bridal robes untouch'd were left at home,
That the sly maid in coarsest garb might roam;
All was confusion, grief, and wild despair,
In my sad house, poor Cymon, mad with care,
Vow'd dire revenge, on whom he could not
tell;

The girl conceal'd her guilty flight so well.
Five days are pass'd, and I am come to thee
To solve my doubts, and ease my misery,
For I suspect young Lubin is to blame,
That he has caus'd this trouble and this shame.

THENOT.

It is so Geron, Lubin won her heart,
But Lubin has not acted a base part;

He is the soul of honesty and love,
 As ev'ry action of his life can prove;
 At various times when flocks he has convey'd
 To thy abode, he saw and lov'd the maid.
 And who could see her? What youth view her
 charms?

And live insensible to love's alarms;
 He sigh'd for Annette, nor long sigh'd in vain,
 The charming girl soon felt a mutual flame;
 He gain'd her heart, altho' he did not dare
 Declare his ardent passion to the fair;
 But when the maid no longer could withstand
 Thy fix'd intention, to bestow her hand
 On Cymon, that dread man! with terror fraught,
 She fled, and from my dame protection sought;
 We saw her enter with surprise and fear,
 But needs must refuge give to one so dear!
 She told her tale, her artless tale of woe,
 Her face in blushes, while sad tears did flow;
 A piteous sight dear friend, it was to see
 Thy lovely girl, so wrapp'd in mis-

Lubin till now had never hop'd to gain
 The beaut'ous maid—whose image fir'd his brain;
 He thought her lost, and pin'd in hopeless care,
 The victim of love's passion, and despair;
 But now he lives, his soul wrapt in sweet bliss.
 For Annette's free, and hope makes Annette his.

GERON.

And where is Annette? the ungrateful maid!

THENOT.

The virtuous girl rests safe where she's convey'd,
 We heard her tale, then judg'd it right to send
 Thy daughter to the mansion of a friend
 Some few leagues distant, and my spouse is there
 To soothe the gentle bosom of thy fair;
 Prudence forbade her hither to remain,
 Least Lubin more access to her might gain.
 Meanwhile I sent a note to ease thy mind
 To hint that here your Annette you might find.

GERON.

This act at least was friendly—it was right
 To move young Annette from thy Lubin's sight

.THENOT.

Ah, Geron! thou art cruelly deceiv'd,
 Honest yourself, you readily believ'd,
 And deem'd another good; but learn from me,
 Thy Annette has escap'd much misery,
 Young Cymon's days are spent in ev'ry vice,
 He drinks, and swears, and hazards wealth on dice;
 And near this place, from virtue's path he drew
 A farmer's daughter, one whom well I knew;
 And hence an offspring—both are destitute,
 Disown'd by Cymon—lust's deserted fruit!
 While his large debts exceed his means to pay,
 However great his wealth report may say.
 Now tell me Geron, is the maid to blame
 Who has escap'd from ruin, woe, and shame?

GERON.

Alas, my friend, I never heard this tale,
 I thought him guileless, and how can he fail,
 Born of so good a parent? they mistake
 For Tournay's son, some squand'ring worthless rake.

THENOT.

I do not err my friend, the country round,
 Know Cymon well, a scandal to this ground;
 The peasants hoot him hence; though Tournay's
 heir,
 He is despis'd by shepherds and our fair;
 And what I say I'll prove, to clear thy mind,
 Truth shall convince—the ill us'd girl I'll find.

GERON.

Thou still hast been sincere, and I thank fate
 The truth is known ere knowledge came too late;
 Annette, my love, I pardon thee thy flight,
 Some guardian spirit kept thee in his sight!

THENOT.

But Geron, what a contrast I can bring
 To Cymon's vices, should I Lubin sing;
 So kind, religious, and so pure a youth
 Is rarely found—a steady friend to truth.
 Each social virtue dwells in Lubin's breast,
 Who with sound health, and manly grace is blest.

GERON.

I know the youth is handsome, brave and good,
And gains thee credit through the neighbourhood.

THENOT.

I've train'd him humbly, made him tend the sheep,
Oxen and kine, and my accounts to keep;
He is a farmer skilful as the best,
Knows when to buy and sell, to work and rest,
When best to plough or dig, or mend the soil,
To scatter seed, or in the harvest toil,
None better know, nor how to rear and feed
The various cattle, and improve each breed.
My flocks have much increas'd beneath his care,
My lands produc'd more, and with smaller wear;
All I possess to Lubin I will give,
Geron—but say for Annette he may live!
Say thou wilt grant thy daughter to his arms,
By Hymen's knot secure to him her charms!
And thou wilt make the youthful couple blest,
While we my friend, shall pass our days in rest.

GERON,

Thenot, 'tis just the youthful pair should wed,
I yield consent; may heav'n bless their bed!
For I feel sure thou would'st not aught declare
Beyond the truth, 'gainst Tournay's wicked heir.
But where is Labin? let him hence with me
In search of Annette, marry'd they shall be.

THENOT.

From early dawn the youth has been in quest
Of straggling sheep, but wearied, now finds rest;
In yon umbrageous shade reclines his head
And sweetly slumbers—violets his bed,
And round him roses—emblems of his love,
And her's—whose heart the happy youth does move
To mutual bliss, most pleasing to behold,
For their warm glances oft the secret told.
Well may he rest, such moments rarely flow
Sleeping or waking, as the youth does know;
But Geron's words will realize the joy,
Which dreaming hope bestows upon the boy;

So wake him friend, awake the happy youth,
Delight his heart—reward his love and truth,
Then to my house, with merry thoughts we'll go,
There take refreshment, and forget past woe;
While for the chaise, the steeds my men prepare,
That Lubin and ourselves may bring the fair,
And my good spouse, whose joy will be complete,
When told, the lovers shall in wedlock meet.
'Tis at my house the wedding shall take place,
That all our friends the nuptial feast may grace
By full attendance, my best beer and wine
Shall freely flow, and slaughter'd sheep and kine
Smoke on the board; there all shall happy be,
Neighbours and poor alike I hope to see
At the rich feast, for pleasing is the sight,
When hospitable cheer kind friends delight;
All will rejoice, the village shall be gay,
That young and old may bless the bridal day,
The day which yields fair blooming Annette's charms,
And spotless virtues—to her Lubin's arms.

GERON.

Thenot, dear friend, I'll wake the happy boy,
Then at thy house the cheerful glass enjoy,
And be thou busy till the knot is tied,
Which makes fair Annette youthful Lubin's bride;
For thou hast sav'd my girl and me the care
Which threaten'd us from Tournay's guilty heir.

PASTORAL THE FIFTH.

Damon and Colin.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damon talks in raptures of Colin's happiness, and complains of his own misery: Colin condoles with him, and demands to know the cause of his grief; on which he informs Colin, he has long loved Sylvia, whose cruel parents have that day forced her to marry Coridon, a rich old shepherd. Colin calms his friend, by communicating the news of Coridon's death, who had been gored by a bull almost immediately after the nuptial knot was tied.

DAMON.

How sweet friend Colin, is thy favour'd lot,
Bless'd with a lovely wife to share thy cot;
To cheer thee when the toilsome day is o'er,
And smiling greet thee at thy woodbin'd door;
Prepare thy food, kept smoking for her swain,
While the lov'd infant lisps his father's name!
Such are the joys, my friend, that court thee home,
And make thee happy when thy task is done;

But, sad reverse, each eve I slowly tread,
 With heavy heart, the path to my lone shed ;
 There no companion greets me with soft smiles,
 Prepares my food, or my sad care beguiles.

COLIN.

Unhappy youth! I see thy constant grief,
 Feel for thy fate, and pray for thy relief:
 No more thy tuneful pipe delights each swain,
 With its rich notes enliv'ning all the plain ;
 No more the shepherd meets the tender maid
 To hear thy pipe, and dance beneath the shade ;
 Or quits his flock, forgetful of his care,
 To play and wanton with his fav'rite fair,
 On the lov'd spot, and underneath the tree
 Where her fond heart first lost its liberty.
 Damon, those days are pass'd, and 'tis in vain
 We sigh to listen to thy well lov'd strain.
 For thou art sad, thy pipe is left at home,
 While on the mountains thou dost wildly roam,
 And fly the plains where shepherdesses meet,
 Waiting thy tune to stir their active feet ;

In vain they wait, thy flocks are all thy care,
 Thou even scorn'st our loveliest sylvan fair;
 Then friend and neighbour, pray to me impart
 The secret sorrows that oppress thy heart.
 Perhaps my spouse and I may soothe thy care,
 Perhaps assist in gaining thy lov'd fair.

DAMON.

From me friend Colin, ev'ry joy is fled,
 My pipe neglected hangs within my shed;
 Or oft times, on the mountains lulls my care,
 And soothes my anguish with some gloomy air.
 But since my neighbour seeks my grief to know,
 Attend my tale, and listen to my woe.
 'Tis Sylvia (loveliest beauty of the plain)
 Who won my vows, and set my heart on flame,
 Nor were my vows unblest, for in return
 She plighted her's, and mutual love did burn.
 All was arrang'd, the maid was to be mine,
 The dowry nam'd, in heifers, sheep, and kine;
 Her dotting parents fix'd the nuptial day,
 And Sylvia, blushing, own'd her lover's sway.

The turtle doves, now cooing on yon tree,
 Ne'er felt such bliss as then was felt by me.
 Judge then my friend, the sorrow I have borne
 To lose my Sylvia—from my bosom torn.
 Hard was the fate that forc'd me to resign
 The lovely maid, whose heart was only mine;
 Cruel the parents, who from sordid minds
 Sever'd the bonds that fond affection binds.
 And doom'd the maid (the fairest of this dale)
 To share a fate, she ever must bewail.
 Ah, neighbour Colin, and I live to name
 That Sylvia, now is Coridon's fair dame;
 That ancient shepherd, older than her sire,
 Warms his chill'd bosom with her youthful fire;
 Won by his wealth, her sordid parents tied
 The wither'd shepherd to the blooming bride;
 Forswore the vows they'd plighted unto me,
 And doom'd the lovely maid to misery!
 For though old Coridon has herds of kine,
 Oxen and sheep, bulls, heifers, goats and swine,

And though he's master of a fertile plain,
 Where Ceres clothes the earth with yellow grain,
 And of rich pastures, where priz'd cattle grow
 As fat and large as this proud land can show;
 Yet from these riches Sylvia will not find
 The sweet delights of lovers young and kind.
 Alas! friend Colin, I have lost the fair,
 Gay hopes have vanish'd, and I'm fill'd with care,
 My muse is gone, Apollo's fled the plain,
 Nor left one merry note to cheer his swain.
 To me all's sad, the warbling birds may sing,
 But sweetest songs no pleasure to me bring;
 Nor can the lambkins, with their sportive play,
 Beguile one moment of the tedious day.
 I tread yon mountain with the rising sun,
 Nor seek my cot until its course is run,
 And no companion cheers me on the way,
 Save my old dog—who bears me company.
 Now tell me Colin, have I cause for woe?
 Was harmless shepherd ever punished so?

COLIN.

Banish thy sorrow, for I can impart
 Unlook'd for tidings that will calm thy heart,
 Dead is the swain—old Coridon's no more
 Dorcas, this morn, the news unto me bore;
 A furious bull broke from the stall where tied,
 And deeply gor'd his master in the side;
 Dying he lay, the bull was kill'd before
 The shepherd's friends could bear him to his door,
 He only liv'd to will his bride his wealth
 Ere his soul fled a frame long bless'd with health.

DAMON.

Alas, this news is strange; and I deplore
 The shepherd's end, poor Coridon's no more!
 Ye heav'nly powers, I bow with humble prayer
 To your decrees, which kill us or can spare.

COLIN.

'Tis wise, my friend, nor should we grieve at
 fate,
 Whatever is, is good; and suits our state.

Some fav'ring god, in pity to thy pray'r,
 Restores the freedom of thy beaut'ous fair,
 Gives back thy Sylvia to her lover's arms,
 A maid and widow, bless'd with all her charms!
 The direful day the nuptial knot was tied,
 Fate snatch'd the bridegroom from his charming
 bride,
 Stern death then seiz'd him, but his wealth remains
 To recompence thee for thy short liv'd pains;
 So tune thy pipe, prepare the festive lay,
 For, mourning past, succeeds thy wedding day,
 When ev'ry swain and ev'ry rustic maid,
 Will gaily dance within the spreading shade,
 And hail with joy, the day the knot is tied,
 Which gives thee Sylvia, for thy blooming bride.
 But friend, the night draws in, so let's retire,
 To hold our converse by my cheerful fire;
 My food is homely, but the luscious vine
 This night shall yield my neighbour gen'rous wine.

And my good spouse, her happy joys impart,
On finding grief has fled from Damon's heart:

DAMON.

Colin, thy news has banish'd all my pain,
For Sylvia's free, and Sylvia I shall gain.
For Coridon, a decent mourning past,
And she is mine, the maid is mine at last!
Her wealth I neither covet nor despise,
She is alone, the treasure that I prize;
The beaut'ous fair will bless my faithful arms,
And yield her lover all her blooming charms;
Still she'll be mine. O, happy! happy swain!
Sylvia alone I covet—and obtain.
Now Colin, to thy hospitable home
With light'ned heart I willingly shall roam;
And at thy cheerful hearth, pray tell me more
Of Sylvia, and repeat it o'er and o'er;
For grief is past, sweet joys will now be mine,
With Sylvia I shall live in bliss divine!

Then let us haste, my friend, unto thy home,
To chat this night upon my favour'd doom;
And to Apollo I shall tune my strain,
He heard his shepherd's grief, and cur'd his pain!

PASTORAL THE SIXTH,

Thyrsis and Damon.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damon asks Thyrsis why he has become so sad, and ceased to delight the villagers by playing upon his lute? Thyrsis strives to avoid telling the occasion of his woe, but Damon claims the rights of friendship, and insists upon knowing it; on which Thyrsis relates his love for Phillis, and her death. Damon condoles with him, and joins in the praises of Phillis; then invites Thyrsis to pass the evening with him; and recommends his resuming his lute, and no longer giving way to despair. Thyrsis accepts Damon's invitation, and promises to do his utmost to dispel care, while he vows to supplicate Apollo to assist him.

DAMON.

Why neighbour Thyrsis, have you ceas'd to play
The mellow lute, that stole our hours away;
And won the heart of many a sylvan maid,
When dancing to it in the spreading shade?
'Twas then each shepherd daily met his fair,
To trip together to your sprightly air;

Then the fond maid, reclining on her swain,
 First own'd her bosom felt a mutual flame;
 And the warm youth, in ecstasy of bliss,
 Snatch'd from her rosy lips a willing kiss;
 Gay were those days, but they alas, are past,
 And our lov'd Thyrsis is with grief o'ercast!

THYRSIS.

How can I, shepherd, tune the merry strain
 When my heart's heavy, and o'ercharged with
 pain?
 Think you my breath can blow a wanton air,
 When my soul's gloomy and oppress'd with care?
 No, neighbour, no! no more I tune that lay,
 Which made the swains and shepherdesses gay;
 No more my song can please the sylvan train,
 Or set each fair maid dancing with her swain;
 That time is o'er, those happy days are past,
 And I, sad shepherd, am with woe o'ercast;
 Nor seek my friend, to learn the cause of grief
 Too deeply settled, to admit relief.

DAMON.

Forgive me Thyrsis, if I seem to pry
 Into the woes that make my friend to sigh;
 My motive's good, for surely I should share
 My brother shepherd's pleasure, and his care:
 Born in one hamlet, and by birth allied,
 From tender age too, rear'd up side by side,
 Our views the same, our breasts no secret knew,
 So open was our friendship, and so true.
 Then say, O Thyrsis, have I not a claim
 To taste your pleasure, and to share your pain?
 Sure like fond brothers we should always live,
 Sharing the sweets and bitter fate may give.
 Then tell me Thyrsis, tell me all your woe:
 That I may share it—when the cause I know.

THYRSIS.

Sad is the task, good Damon, to relate
 To you my friend, the cruelty of fate;
 Grateful I own your kindness, and my heart
 Ne'er felt a pleasure but it would impart

To you my neighbour; yet of what avail
 To name the sorrows that my breast assail;
 To tell of griefs which cannot be redrest,
 Is but in vain to torture Damon's breast.
 Yet, friend, since you so warmly seek to know
 Why I'm so alter'd, and so lost in woe,
 I'll tell you Damon; yes, I will impart
 The secret sorrows that oppress my heart.
 You knew those times, when pleas'd to hear my strain,
 Each summer's eve a crowd of rustics came
 To the large elm upon you flow'ry green,
 By mountains shelter'd, and of sky serene;
 There as my lute struck up its merry notes,
 The drowsy warblers ceas'd to stir their throats,
 Tir'd with the day, the feather'd songsters rest
 While busy thoughts employ'd the rustic's breast;
 The swains with favourite shepherdesses toy'd,
 And ev'ry bliss with innocence enjoy'd
 Then to my pipe would dance, and then recline
 Beneath the elm, in pleasing talk to join.

Damon you knew those times; then well might I,
 Who can't muse on them but to grieve and sigh;
 The dying swan's most melancholy strain,
 Seems not more hopeless than my bitter pain.
 Phillis ! the fairest, loveliest sylvan maid,
 That ever danc'd within the elm's thick shade,
 Then won my heart, which was not lost in vain,
 For I the maiden's plighted faith did gain;
 The day was nam'd the nuptial knot to tie,
 And the blest moment fast approaching nigh,
 When cruel fate depriv'd me of the fair,
 And doom'd my future days to woe and care.
 Fate snatch'd her hence, the lovely Phillis died,
 Nor liv'd to be her faithful shepherd's bride;
 Who lost to ev'ry joy, now wastes each day
 In tedious cares, and weeps each night away.
 Say then, O Damon ! did you ever know
 A simple shepherd, with more cause for woe ?
 Can I once more prepare the festive air,
 Fill'd as I am with misery and care ?

Or do you think that I again can play
 Those notes that stole the shepherds' hours
 away?

No, never more, those happy days are o'er,
 And Thyrsis tunes his merry lute no more.

DAMON.

Thyrsis, my friend, the tale you now impart
 Has pierc'd your faithful Damon to the heart;
 He feels your woes, and as a friend does share
 The pain you suffer for the dear, lost fair.
 Well may you grieve, she was as sweet a maid
 As ever grac'd Apollo's fav'rite shade;
 Lovely in person, with a virtuous mind,
 And ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace combin'd.
 I knew her well, the fairest of the plain,
 Admir'd and lov'd by ev'ry youthful swain:
 And well my neighbour, may your heart be torn,
 For ev'ry shepherd did fair Phillis mourn.
 Great is your loss friend Thyrsis, yet your grief
 With time should lessen, and admit relief

Fate's stern decree oft cuts a tender tie,
 And parents, children, friends, and neighbours die.
 In vain we mourn, our sorrow can't restore
 The friend, or parent, our sad tears deplore.
 Then why, good neighbour, waste your time away,
 And fly those pastimes which make shepherds gay?
 Long have you mourn'd, and fled the sylvan train,
 Who meet to dance upon the flow'ry plain;
 Oft do they ask, what sorrow fills your breast,
 Makes you forsake the scenes where once so blest?
 There many shepherds ask for their lov'd swain,
 And some kind shepherdesses—sigh your name;
 While you, alas! are mourning a lost fair,
 In grief, and solitude, and silent care.
 You've mourn'd too long, the pow'rs above decree
 That time shall yield a cure for misery,
 While the afflictions sent us from above
 We ought to bear as trials of heav'n's love
 Cheer your sad breast, 'tis sinful to despair,
 And tamely sacrifice your days to care;

Your wrong the muse who taught you how to play
 The past'ral lute of sweetest melody;
 And disappoint each anxious maid and swain,
 Who vainly meet to listen to your strain;
 And neighbour, learn, it is a task I owe,
 To do my utmost to despel your woe;
 I am your friend, and shall assert my claim
 To soothe your bosom, and to share its pain.
 Thyrsis, we'll pass this night beneath my shed,
 Where my good spouse her rarest food shall spread,
 Her well fed bacon, and her whitest bread;
 And my best wine shall flow to make you gay,
 While on my humble reed I tune my lay.
 Now towards my rustic cottage let us haste,
 These rural dainties there unenvied taste;
 Then, in the morn, together we will roam
 In pleasing converse—to your sylvan home,
 There take your lute, and tune the mellow strain
 Against the eve—to charm each sportive dame.
 Our flocks we'll watch together ev'ry day,
 And I will sing the songs which you do play.

THYRSIS.

Damon, your soothing friendship does impart
A ray of comfort to my sorrowing heart,
I'll to your home, there with yourself and fair,
This night, in converse dissipate my care;
And in the morn, I'll tune my lute and play,
In hopes to drive sad dreary thoughts away;
Our flocks each day, together we will tend,
And I will frame a song to thank my friend.
Now Damon, to your peaceful home I go,
T' enjoy your converse, and to soothe my woe,
To share your dainties, and to taste your wine,
For to these joys my heart does now incline:
And, if Apollo aids his faithful swain,
I may be happy, may o'ercome my pain.
Then, to Apollo I shall tune my lay,
And in his praises often sing and play;
While my warm heart, its gratitude shall show
To friendly Damon—who first eas'd its woe!

PASTORAL THE SEVENTH.

Coridon.

Beneath a rugged elm's wide spreading boughs
Two shepherds pensive sat, the one was old,
And silver'd were his locks; care mark'd his brow,
And the deep furrows in his features, look'd
As if by sorrow caus'd; his shoulders stoop'd,
And on a shepherd's crook his chin reclin'd,
As though his head was weary of its weight:
His eyes were fix'd, nor heeded he the least
The younger shepherd, who deep musing sat
Upon the verdant bank, near to his side,
Wrapt up in thought, nor was it till a groan
From the old shepherd came, that he look'd round
On the ag'd man—and while he look'd, he-sigh'd.
Strong was the figure of the younger swain,
And manly were his features; while his garb
Though plainly cut, was form'd of finest wool;

He seem'd as if he was superior
 To what he wish'd to seem, for his sad look
 When viewing the old man, was humbly meek,
 As though he saw his better, yet not so
 The ancient swain appear'd; old were his clothes,
 And ragged, and he look'd half famished:
 Simply to view him, could not fail to breed
 A sigh of pity in the gazer's heart,
 So true an object seem'd he of distress
 And humbled manhood, worn by age and care
 To pining penury, and loss of health;
 And thus the young man thought, for soon he said—
 "Shepherd thou seem'st in trouble, tell thy woes
 To one whose bosom will thy sorrows share,
 And if his ample treasures can avail,
 Yield thee relief; should poverty alone
 Press on thy hoary head, to sink thee down
 Beneath her goading wants, thank heav'n she'll fail;
 For my warm mansion shall afford a home
 To shield thee from her pow'r, there wholesome food

And comfortable raiment wait thy use,
 And the dear partner of my life will strive
 To soothe thy cares. Methinks thy mien bespeaks
 Far brighter days; but do not mourn the past;
 For recollection of old joys oft brings
 Sad gloomy thoughts. Ah; once I had a sire!
 Who had he liv'd till now, had been like thee,
 Wrapp'd up in years, and silver'd o'er by time;
 But fate allow'd it not; far hence he died,
 Remov'd from all he priz'd upon this earth,
 Nor had his son the melancholy task
 Of closing his poor eyes. But what avails
 This tale to thee? my object is to soothe
 Thy woes, not add my gloomy thoughts to thine,
 To weigh thee heavier down. Then brother swain,
 Relate to me thy sorrows; and partake
 Freely of all the blessings that are mine;
 And at my cheerful mansion calm thy cares,
 And pass in gentle peace, thy griefs away. "—
 "Thy words speak comfort" the old man replied,

"Unto my harass'd soul; with joy I find
 So good a youth existing in these times,
 As thou dost prove thyself: right is thy guess
 That I have sorrow felt, and suffered woe;
 And that pale want has press'd upon my age,
 Is also true; through dreary climes I've trod,
 O'er burning sands, wounded and destitute;
 Left amongst Pagans, in the battle's rage,
 My fate was slav'ry, and years past away
 Without a distant hope of liberty.
 But now my locks are silver'd, and old age
 Has crippled me, I tread again the ground,
 Where, when a stripling, I did skip and play,
 And gather strength; but youth, no more of this;
 I thank thee for thy kindness, yet I trust
 Require it not. If fate for once prove kind,
 I have a son hard by, I hope like thee,
 Possess'd of virtues which adorn the man;
 Then I content shall be, and my old heart
 Forget its cares and troubles, while my days

In peace and comfort glide. O! be it so,
 And I'll no more repine at stings of fate;
 But thank kind heav'n, that hath kept in store
 This bliss for my old age: tranquil I'll live
 Until the taper of this life burns out,
 And 'tis th' Almighty's pleasure that I die.
 But tell me shepherd, for I long to know,
 Though dread to learn, is Coridon alive?
 And lives he at the mansion of his sires?
 Answer me briefly, if 'tis so, but let
 Thy words come slowly, should the youth be dead;
 For he's my son, the offspring of my blood,
 And all my hopes are center'd in the youth!"
 "Delightful news! and art thou then the sire
 Of Coridon? why, yes, thy words bespeak
 That virtuous man's; thy features too, appear
 Manly like his; then sure thou art the swain
 So dearly lov'd and venerated here,
 While the sad news oft told us of thy death
 Is false. Ah, most dear, respected shepherd!

Ador'd by all this country ; friend of all,
 And father too ; how will thy sons rejoice
 To hear this joyful news, for ev'ry swain
 Consider'd virtuous Coridon his sire ;
 Belov'd by all, but most belov'd by me ;
 My joy outweighs my words ; extend thy arms,
 Dear sire, for the embrace of Coridon
 Thy son, thy only son ! I am the youth
 Thou seekest here ! now far the happiest swain
 This country boasts ; blest with a virtuous wife,
 One source of grief alone I knew, and that
 Was for my sire ; but now he is return'd
 So wonderfully to me, it is fled,
 And all is joy within. O tell me sire,
 Thy marvellous escapes ? and by what means
 Thou did'st get from the bondage of the Turk ?
 But this at our fire-side. Now let us tread
 The path to thy old mansion, where my spouse
 Shall hear the grateful words ; " our father's here !
 And joyfully bestow her cares on thee ;

While I will join to soothe thy future days,
And drive sad sorrow from thy care worn heart.
Then rise, my sire, towards thy mansion tread,
Where peace and plenty will around thee dwell,
And sweet content, that richest blessing, live."
"Praise be to heav'n; and is the day arriv'd,
The happy day that gives me me back my son?
My pray'r is granted, my full wish is giv'n,
My son's restor'd me, and my heart's at rest.
Such a son too, the fond wish of the sire
Scarce hop'd to find, however proud his hopes;
And thou art he, dear offspring of my heart;
'Tis strange that nature did not point thee out
The moment that we met, for well I trace
The features of thy mother, my good spouse;
That saint with whom my days so sweetly flew;
But why retrace those times to damp my bliss,
When joy should fill my soul? My son, we'll tread
The path which in my youth I've often trod,
And gaily skipt along, : and I shall rest,

Content to pass the remnant of my life
Bless'd with the converse of my well lov'd son,
And his dear partner. At the cheerful hearth
Of my old mansion, I'll minutely tell
The cares and perils I have undergone
Since from it I last parted, woeful day !
But, let's no more of this ; I'll kneel and pray
To God, for his great goodness, when thy arm
May guide my tottering steps unto our home
To thy lov'd partner. Join me now in prayer ;
Then to my ancient home let's bend our steps,
To live in peace, content, and happiness."

PASTORAL THE EIGHTH.

Edgar, or the decayed Shepherd.

Beneath a venerable oak
An old man sat, and thus he spoke.
Old and decrepid, here I wait,
A beggar—in my native state !
Edgar, alas ! is doom'd to see
This wretched day of misery ;
Close to the spot where I was born,
I am an outcast—quite forlorn !
Under this very oak I've play'd,
And from the sun, oft sought its shade ;
From school too, I have loiter'd here,
And for the frolic paid full dear.
But, oh ! those days are long since past,
Too sweet and innocent to last.
The friends I knew, alas, are dead,
Or from this rural village fled ;

While I must starve, or beg my food,
Forgotten—where I once was lov'd.
If Damon liv'd, I should not be
Left thus to pine in poverty;
He was my friend and relative,
But I have learnt he does not live.
Now weak from wounds, and strain'd by toil,
I once more tread my native soil;
But, oh ! my country can't restore
The blessings once to me it bore !
The sweets of health, the days of joy,
Heav'n gave me when a sportive boy;
The maiden's innocent, kind smile,
Which did my youthful woes beguile;
Fond parents care, who watch'd my health,
And priz'd me as their darling wealth !
A friend who lov'd me most sincere,
From earliest youth unto me dear;
And last, a sweet, kind virtuous wife,
To smooth the rugged path of life;

These gifts my country did bestow,
But sorrow now alone I know.
Hard is the fate, of which I tell,
Sad the reverse, that has befall;
And chang'd the happy life I past,
To be this vagrant—this outcast !
'Twas war, remorseless, cruel war,
That forc'd me from this country far,
To leave an harmless village life,
And fly my parents and my wife ;
Quit too each blessing heav'n did lend,
My future days in grief to spend.
Oh ! shall I e'er forget the day
When from kind parents torn away ?
When doom'd in agony to part,
And rend my fond wife's doating heart,
A heart—which ever beat for me
With purest love and constancy !
Ah, no, while life reigns in my breast,
The thought will not allow me rest,

Or have I ever pleasure felt,
Since to my soul this blow was dealt !
And, now, alas ! no words can tell
The troubles that have since befall,
And daily multiplied to me,
To this sad hour I live to see.
In burning climes I've barefoot trod
The heated dust, devoid of sod ;
And in the rapid march mov'd first,
When parch'd and struggling hard with thirst ;
I've felt the fever of the west,
(The Europeans dreaded pest)
The plague of Egypt too I've tried,
When crowds of comrades round me died ;
In Indian battles oft I've fought,
When dang'rous wounds the vict'ry bought ;
'And my poor tatter'd frame can show
Deep scars—receiv'd from many a foe.
But now discharg'd, I am sent home,
And to my native village roam,

In eager hope to find my wife,
(The ancient partner of my life)
And hear her lips in raptures say,
" My husband," and then bless the day !
But woe to me, she must be dead,
Hard was the wretched life she led ;
Grief, sure has brought her to the grave,
And the sad tears for me she gave.
Then since she's dead, I too will die,
Nor mutter e'en another sigh ;
For tears and murmurs only throw •
On my old heart, the greater woe.
So, to my God, I fervent pray
For death—to drive my cares away !
And from my country only crave
For my hard services—a grave !
Thus Edgar moan'd, thus told his grief,
Feeling no hope to meet relief.
But Damon liv'd, and list'ning near,
The whole of his sad tale did hear ;

Then cried, " thy wife is still alive,
And at my home, in health does thrive,
Where thou shalt live no wants to fear,
For, to my soul my friend is dear."
This said, he offer'd to divide
His stores with Edgar.—Side by side
They walk'd away, in peace to rest
At Damon's house—by friendship blest !!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Anacreontic Ode.

TO MISS —

APOLLO tun'd his pipe, and play'd,
To charm a lovely, sylvan maid !
This god forsook the skies, to dwell
'Midst sheep and kine, to win the belle !
Then, great Apollo ! aid my strain,
That I may sing a lovelier dame ?
Anacreon sung with graceful care,
His luscious verses please the fair ;
But, fam'd Anacreon's rhymes ne'er drew
One-half the charms to Chloe due :
Then, smooth Lucullus, constant strove
With sweetest song to sing his love ;

•

And gay Catullus, strung his lays
 With tender themes, his fair to praise ;
 While warm Camoens, in rich strain
 Painted the maid he could not gain ;
 And Waller's brightest lines do burn
 With love—that never knew return !
 But, fairest maid ! Apollo's lyre,
 Breathing that god's celestial fire
 In themes of love, would fail to raise
 Notes worthy of the fair I praise !
 Then, as smooth verse, and song divine,
 Can't sing thy charms, though they combine ;
 I will, from each fam'd poet, gain
 The sweetest verses to his dame,
 In part of what my song should be !
 I'll offer up the whole to *thee*.

SONG.

Cupid ! sportive little boy,
Prithee move my fair to joy !
Light a torch within her breast,
That I may by love be blest !

Teach her tender heart to beat
With affection's warmest heat !
On her pillow, make her prove
Faithful sighs—sweet sighs of love !

Kindest echo, prithee bring
On thy light and airy wing,
Her soft sighs to my fond ear,
Sighs—unto my soul most dear.

I

Gentle Zephyr, from her lip
Waft the balmy breath you sip,
Waft it it pure—and I'll instil
Luscious sweets—until I fill!

SONG.—ANACREONTIC.

Boy, bring me wine—delicious wine!

Fill the bowl brimming high!

'Twas nectar made the gods divine;

Luxurious nectar, heav'nly wine!

Enlivens e'en the sky.

Then bring me wine, a luscious bowl!

Foaming and sparkling high!

And all that's mortal in my soul,

Flush'd with rich wine, shall fly its goal,

To revel in the sky.

TO SOPHIA.

'Tis said ambition cannot dwell
Where love presides;—yet I can tell,
That tale is any thing but true—
'Tis my ambition to love you!

TO MISS —

Happy the man who wins thy charms,
And gains thee to his favor'd arms ;
For thy dear soul is dead to strife,
And form'd for bliss in wedded life.
E'en as the pigeon, free from gall,
Thy body, soul, and heart, are all ;
And substituted in its place,
Is ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace !
And, in thy wit, thou dost outshine
That of the muses, all the nine !
Yet is it of the gentle kind,
Which pleases ev'ry list'n'rs mind,
Free from that keen satiric vein
That cares not where it causes pain.

In figure too, thou dost excel
The Grecian, or Circassian belle !
And if again fam'd Raphael came,
He'd tear his picture out of shame,
To see the Venus that he drew,
So far surpass'd in shape *by you !*

TO ELIZA.

How oft, Eliza, on the beach
You listen'd to my tale;
And though fond love I strove to teach,
By tender looks, and tend'rer speech,
The subject ne'er grew stale!

Soft joy would sparkle in your eye,
Each happy time we met;
And never, love, escap'd one sigh,
Until the cruel word *Good-bye*
Disturb'd us as we sat:

Our moments on the happy shore,
In pleasure thus did fly;
And may kind fate allow of more,
Of *many, many, many*, score
Such moments, ere we die!

TO THE ROSE.

Lovely rose! luxuriant flow'r,
Pride of ev'ry soil;
I'll plant thee round my fav'rite bow'r,
Steal to enjoy thy sweets, each hour
I can escape from toil.

The sweetest sweets exhale from thee,
To fill my frame with joy;
And in thy colours I can see
Emblems of all that's dear to me,
Or that I wish t' enjoy.

The rosy wine but copies thee,
But imitates thy red;
While Mary's cheeks, and lips, I see;
So fancy paints those charms to me,
When thou bloom'st in thy bed!

SONG.

Yon little bird, so sweetly sings,
Such transports to my bosom brings,
That I feel lost to ev'ry care,
When list'ning to his tuneful air.

Free as the wind, the warbler flies,
Spreading his wings towards the skies ;
Both heaven, and earth, seem to inspire
His downy breast with music's fire.

He plumes his crest, he clears his throat,
And then begins some sprightly note ;
To which fair songsters make reply,
Nor cease these songs till night draws nigh.

Thus free and happy pass his days,
No care disturbs his tuneful lays ;
Sweet bird ! his song is always gay,
And answer'd in the tend'rest away.

TO LYDIA.

Once on a time, pure Virtue, said,
“ That Beauty was to her ill-bred !”
And, Beauty, angrily replied,
“ Virtue was never on her side !”
Gods should not war—so they agreed
Each of the other stood in need ;
And, as a mark of what they said,
They join’d to form a perfect maid :
’Tis thus, each virtue, and each grace,
Meet in your figure, heart, and face !

ON CONTENT.

The sweetest bliss that mortal knows,
To all men is the same ;
Though some in feasting, some in shows,
And some in war, some in repose,
Do seek the happy dame.

And, ev'ry fool believes the thing
Which most delights his heart,
To be the blessing, without sting !
Which endless pleasures only bring,
Or bitters can't impart.

But I, sweet bliss have sought to find
In ev'ry shape it's sent,
And well have learnt it's not allied
To riches, honor, or to pride,
For bliss dwells with content !

STANZAS.

When summer's past, and Love has flown
From sylvan scenes, to dwell in town ;
When birds feel cold, and sing no more
The merry notes they sang before ;
 Still I, for love of Anna burn,
 Alas ! without return.

When sheep, well clad in wool, feel cold,
And icy fingers pen the fold ;
When age sits freezing by the fires,
And children tremble round their sires ;
 Still I, for love of Anna burn,
 Alas ! without return !

When flow'rs are dead, and leaves decay'd,
And cutting blasts sweep through the glade ;
When snow o'er all the country's spread,
And wildest birds at barn doors fed ;
Still I, for love of Anna burn,
Alas ! without return !

When ships amidst hard ice lay froze,
And the rough seaman's pinch'd with woes ;
When Laplanders dare not appear,
So cold's the season of the year ;
Still I for love of Anna burn,
Alas ! without return !

ON DAPHNE.

Who can behold fair Daphne's charms,
And ev'ry modest grace ;
Her heart's untutor'd soft alarms,
Which unbid flush her face ?

Who can behold them uninspir'd ?
What Stoic view her eyes ?
Then boast a heart that is not fir'd
At the rich lovely prize ?

Old men feel young, who see the fair,
Their chilly hearts revive !
For gold itself, they cease to care,
In Daphne's smiles they thrive !

Young men, transported view the maid,
Rich, noble, sad, and gay !
But if she frown, they are afraid,
And sorrowing, fly away !

The female sex, in grief appear,
In hope one fault to find !
But soon acknowledge, with a tear,
She's fairest of her kind !

Her lovely cheek the rose excels,
Her arms with lilies vie,
Her eyes strike mute the proudest belles,
And make the fairest sigh !

Her auburn tresses, careless flow
Upon so smooth a neck,
That man still vainly strives to know
If they disguise, or deck !

Indeed, lov'd Daphne boasts each grace—

With Venus may compare ;

Nay more, is virtuous and chaste

As Dian—heav'nly fair !

THE CONVERT.

Once I could laugh, whene'r I read
The happy lives that lovers led ;
And ridicule the nuptial tie,
Saying, "but fools in love could sigh !"
And, like an idiot, deem'd it fun,
And strain'd my simple head to pun,
And laugh at those who pass'd their days,
In loves endearing, charming ways !
But now, thank Heav'n, ere all my prime
Is wasted and destroy'd by time !
I've found my error, and in joy
Bow to the urchin, little boy ;
And beg he will assist my strain,
To paint a fair bewitching dame !

Sophia,—she has fix'd the dart
Of love, into my constant heart;
Her charms my verse can never sing,
So many graces does she bring!
In shape, Diana she excels;
Herself alone the queen of belles!
Venus, in beauty can't compare
To this unrivall'd, lovely fair!
Her form is Grecian, and her face
A syren, to allure man's race!

Now give me joy, ye gods above!
For I'm a convert unto love!

TO THE BEE.

Busy, little, insect Bee,
Suck the blossoms of each tree;
Freely rove the garden o'er,
Cull the sweets from ev'ry flow'r;
From the nect'rine, and the peach,
And all fruits thy tongue can reach;
Rob the aromatic herb,
And the hot house plants disturb;
Thou art free to take thy fill
From whichever is thy will!

Busy, little, bustling Bee,
Cull from flower, herb, or tree;
Make thy honey rich and fine,
Ev'ry sweet in it combine;
Mix them well, with special care,
To be worthy of my fair;
Then lay at my Laura's feet
Thy rich bag, of ev'ry sweet!

SONG.

O, beauteous maid ! by heav'n's decree,
Form'd fairest of the female kind ;
Thy graces envy's self must see,
Acknowledge—or confess she's blind.

I dare to muse upon thy charms,
If from thy charms I'm far away ;
But when before thee, my alarms
Confound and drive my sense astray.

For who can view thy lovely shape,
And the fine features of thy face ;
And yet from loving thee escape,
From doating on thy ev'ry grace ?

'Tis vain the thought—the man's unborn
Who could behold thy many charms;
And at his breast not feel a storm
Of love's most potent—fond alarms !

And, sure the gods are jealous grown,
And war with man to gain thy charms;
For much I fear, thou art their own,
Too lovely for a mortal's arms !

TO BACCHUS.

Bacchus, assist me; god of wine,
My lips shall to thy goblet twine;
Shall constant drain thy brimming bowl,
To drown the sorrows of my soul;
And drive that urchin from thy breast,
Cupid—that shameless little guest!

But late, ye gods, I was quite gay,
And wanton frolic'd time away;
'Till Cupid, slyly shot a dart
From Chloe's eye, into my heart!
That heart which now imprison'd lies,
A slave to beauteous Chloe's eyes!
And hopeless, ebbs my life away,
For cruel Chloe still says "*nay!*"

Then give me wine—the goblet fill—
Bacchus, the god of love can kill ;
Or make the boy resign my heart,
And in his quiver hide the dart:
Then give me wine! a foaming bowl!
I feel I am a thirsty soul.

SONG.

I am in love! no doubt remains :
Oh ! what sweet joy thrills through my veins.
Sylvia, bewitching maid ! has stole
The treasur'd freedom of my soul !

Yes, Sylvia has enslav'd my heart,
A captive to her charms I smart ;
And freedom I no longer prize,
Or pleasure seek—but from her eyes !

If Sylvia frown, my hopes all die,
My life's one constant moan and sigh !
But if she smile, and smile on me,
My life's all joy and ecstasy !

THE ADVENTURE;
OR,
Cupid and Bacchus Reconciled.

When I was young, and pass'd each day,
Like other boys, at childish play,
It chanc'd, that on a frolic bent,
Alone across a wood I went;
Whistling and singing, free from care
As the sweet warblers in the air.

I heard a noise, and looking round,
Saw two young boys upon the ground;
The one had got a little bowl,
And sipping, cried, "it warms my soul!"
The other had a little dart,
And cried, "it penetrates my heart,"

The first kept sipping, from his bowl,
Till sure he must have sipt the whole;
The other rubb'd his little dart,
Saying, "it should make many smart!"
And in a little bow it tried,
Crying, "be thou of love the guide."

Surpris'd, I saw the urchin boys
Quite heated with their fav'rite toys;
For one cried, "wine by far exceeds
Love, with all its rapt'rous deeds!"
The other, quickly said, "my dart
Can give more pleasure to the heart!"

I fain would laugh; when strange to say
The boys shook hands in merry way;
One saying, "Cupid, thou shall see
"That Bacchus is a friend to thee!
"For though his vot'ry's nectar sip,
"They too can love a scarlet lip!"

The other urchin, smiling sweet,
Cried, "Bacchus, now like gods we meet
"In love and friendship, so to show
"One favor'd mortal, free from woe,
"Let us our mutual pow'rs impart
"To form a perfect happy heart!"

"Agreed," cried Bacchus, "so my friend,
"Thy little arrow quickly send
"To pierce the youth behind yon tree,
"For he shall serve both thou and me!"
The god spoke true—ye pow'rs above!
I'm ever drunk—or mad with love!

A TRUE LOVER.

To be a lover true 's to be
A lump of inconsistency,
A sighing, moaning, am'rous youth,
Ever mistaking lies for truth ;
And ever prone to vow and swear,
Lies without number to his fair.
He's always full of sighs and moans,
Comparing tender hearts to stones ;
Or else—making hard hearts submit,
To what his tender love thinks fit ;
To sum up all—he is a fool,
And to his mistress—but a tool !

SONG.

When I muse on the sweet rural life,
Which I, in my boyhood enjoy'd ;
My heart grows quite sick, at the strife
I find that I cannot avoid.

For mixt with the crowd, I in vain,
Those innocent pleasures do seek ;
Which heav'n bestows on the swain,
Who's honest, contented, and meek.

He knows not the world, yet is blest,
Nor envy, nor strife, stings his heart ;
Ah ! none at a court feel such rest,
As fate to this swain does impart.

I'm rich, and I'm envy'd, 'tis true ;
For princes their favors do show ;
Alas ! but thro' life, I shall rue
The day, that a court I first knew

If fate will those pleasures restore,
Which I, in my boyhood enjoy'd,
The country I'll never quit more,
'Tis princes and courts I'll avoid !

TO ELIZA.

I caught Eliza to my breast,
Her eyes were drown'd in tears !
With warmth the lovely maid I prest,
And tried to soothe her soul to rest,
And dissipate her fears.

“ Bewitching girl ! ” I eager cried,
“ Why strain those eyes with tears ?
Those lovely orbs that would divide—
Would steal a Monarch from his Bride,
To fill his heart with fears ! ”

“ Ah ! traitor man,” the charmer said,
And spite of all her tears,
Her eyes have from that moment led
My poor fond heart and soul—and fed
My frame, with hopes and fears.

SONG.

Tell me, ye flow'rets, have you seen
Fair Chloe pass this way ?
She has trip'd o'er the verdant green,
The maid, with heav'nly Dian's mien
Say, fragrant flow'rets, say ?

For I have lost her, she is fled,
And sure is fled this way ;
Then tell me flowers of taller head,
Lilies and roses, has she fled,
Has Chloe past this way ?

Ye oaks and elms, and tallest trees,
That tower above the plain,
Pray tell me, have you Chloe seen
Tripping along the verdant green ?
A syren to each swain !

L

Thus a fond youth express'd his fear,
And open'd all his heart,
When from a bower of roses near,
A nymph like Venus, did appear,
To cure the lover's smart!

CUPID AND TIME.

When Time was young, and Cupid's dart
Essay'd its venom on the heart,
By some mishap, in evil hour,
Words rose about each other's power.
Then taunting Cupid, vex'd grave Time
By jests and gibes, and playful rhyme ;
Told him, to taste the sweets of love,
" To break his glass, and gayer prove,
" Not moping—frighten joy and bliss,
" But learn from Cupid how to kiss !"

Time was provok'd, and told the boy,
He scorn'd the names of love and joy,
Such trifling was beneath his care,
He said, then bid the God, beware,

"For soon," Time spoke, "I'll make you learn
"To dread that pow'r thou dar'st to spurn,
"When (bid by me) the fair expires
"Who now thy breast with love inspires!"

Young Cupid, laughing, answer'd Time,
He lov'd girls only in their prime!

SONG.

Spring, once more my bosom fires
With soft transports, and inspires
My whole frame, with lively thrills
Of the pleasures it instils !

Vernal Spring ! sweet month of May,
Time itself e'en owns thy sway,
Time is gay when Spring appears,
And stern sorrow disappears !

Then, let mirth and pleasures dwell
In my frame, while transports tell
The warm bliss that fills my heart,
Bliss that thrills to ev'ry part !

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Give me a friend, sincerely true,
To share alike each joy and woe,
Be always ready to console
And soothe the sorrows of my soul;
Or share the pleasures of my heart
In equal portions—part for part;
Give me, kind heav'n ! a friend like this ?
For mortal knows no greater bliss !

When I am wrong, he will correct,
And mildly point out each defect,
Prove where my conduct is to blame,
Where lies my folly, or my shame,
Then kindly show the way to mend,
And, from his heart, assistance lend :
Give me, kind heav'n ! a friend like this ?
For mortal knows no greater bliss !

Fond love is partial, or quite blind,
Friendship alone both just and kind;
Then grant me fate, a faithful friend,
The choicest blessing heav'n can send;
And I will ever thankful be
For the rich boon, thus granted me:
Give me, kind heav'n! a friend like this?
For mortal knows no greater bliss!

A KISS.

Pray Annette, let me kiss once more
Those ruby lips I've kist before,
And lost my heart upon !
I'll touch them light as any fly,
A zephyr—or a tender sigh,
Which gently sails along !

I once have revell'd there, so know
The luscious sweets that on them flow;
Nor seek I further bliss !
For though I may not find my heart,
Fate can a richer prize impart
On lovely Annette's kiss !

BY A FRIEND.

TO MISS M — ON HER MARRIAGE.

The chilling blasts of Winter are withdrawn,
And vernal brightness glads thy nuptial morn;
Long—long for you, may Hymen hold his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flow'rs his easy chain!

But should the winds exert their utmost pow'r,
Sweep o'er thy home, and blight each promis'd flow'r;
Chaste—sacred love, shall calm each anxious sigh,
Goodness like thine can well the storm defy.

May ev'ry blessing wait my fair young friend!
May all that's bliss her wedded state attend!
And, as a perfect daughter she has prov'd,
May she through life be honour'd and belov'd!

CUPID DISGUISED.

With a heart as light as air,
Ever free from grief and care ;
Late I frolic'd o'er the green,
Careless by what beauty seen ;
Skipping, playing, ever gay !
Thus I frolic'd time away !

Cupid ! envious little boy,
Oft was jealous of my joy ;
Saw the freedom of my heart,
And oft tried to make it smart ;
But in vain—till, luckless hour !
I was doom'd to own his power.

Culling flow'rets, sweet and wild,
 I beheld a maid and child ;
 Both were clad in poor array,
 Barely vested from the day :—
 Pitying the pretty maid,
 I approach'd to offer aid.

But the little wily guest,
 Nestling to her lily breast,
 Cried, "begone, rash man ! forbear,
 "Come not near my fav'rite fair ;
 "Touch her not, but haste away,
 "Haste I say—without delay !"

Who would think the god of joy
 Was this little tatter'd boy ?
 Who, disguis'd on Chloe's breast,
 Stole my freedom, and my rest ;
 Then, forbade me Chloe's charms,
 Telling, me "to fly her arms !"

Sportive, wicked, cunning boy,
God of pleasure! god of joy!
Tho' I'm now a slave to thee,
(Robb'd of all my liberty;)
Yet, I caution those who're free,
In each beauty—to fear *thee*!

SONG.—TO DELIA.

I know that I love in so am'rous a way,
So constant, so true, and so kind,
That should my fair Delia, but say to me *nay*,
All my breath would away with the wind.

In one cruel sigh, would my soul leave my frame,
My bosom no longer would burn;
And the delicate love I now feel for the dame,
Would in ashes be put in my urn!

Then Delia, in pity prepare now your mind,
For charity's sake to say *yes*;
And my loving soul, to thy soul will I bind,
As I seal the fond terms with a kiss!

TO BACCHUS.—THE VOW.

Let the sparkling goblet shine !
Pour it brimming full of wine !
Pour until it overflows,
Then I'll try to drown my woes !
Yes, I'll try to drown a part
Of the sorrows of my heart,
I will try to wash some care
From the nest of woes that's there !

" Why am I so doom'd to woe?
" Tell me, Bacchus—if you know;
" No my jolly god of wine,
" You the cause cannot divine :"
Then, let's drink another glass,
Bacchus, let thy goblet pass !

"Cupid! you perhaps can show
"Why I'm doom'd to suffer woe?"
Yes, I see your little dart,
Now I feel it in my heart;
Oh! 'tis love has caus'd the pain,
Love for a bewitching dame!

Rosa's graces, make me smart;
Rosa's charms have won my heart;
But this Beauty is not kind,
No, I am not to her mind:
So, as Rosa loves not me,
Wine shall drown my misery!

ANACREONTIC ODE.

Rosa, I must once again
Paint thy charms, with my worn pen;
For thy fascinating eyes,
From my bosom draw deep sighs;
Sighs, by absence scarcely cur'd,
Now, alas! can't be endur'd;
Long I struggled to get free,
But one glance reconquer'd me.

Still young Cupid seems to dwell
On thy charms, enchanting girl!
Still thy eyes beam scorching fires,
Kindling love, and soft desires;
And whenever they do move,
Thy sweet lips impart fond love!

But, fair Rosa! let me know,
Is thy breast still cold as snow?
Or does love admittance find
To the fairest of her kind?
If it does? O, happy guest!
I shall be with Rosa blest;
But if Rosa's cold and shy,
Bacchus let me drinking—die!

SONG.

To love and its pleasures adieu,
The sweets of affection are fled;
Alas! I can no more pursue
The maid—who my warm passion fed!

Too good amidst sinners to rest,
Heav'n snatch'd the fair maiden away;
In Heav'n the angel is blest,
But I never more can be gay!

THE DOUBT.

Surely two stars are those bright eyes,
That bend their force on me,
By night they light me from the skies,
By day their charms I see !

Yet, they are eyes ! they're Mary's eyes !
I swear it all day long ;
No stars so bright shine from the skies,
As what to her belong !

But when 'tis night, and Mary's fled
With ev'ry charm away ;
Ye gods ! those orbs forsake her bed
To lead me more astray !

TO LOUISA.

Virtue in ev'ry shape, combin'd
To form Louisa's spotless mind;
And made it pure as mind can be,
And rich in love and constancy!

Her gentle heart, by goodness sway'd,
Does actions that can never fade;
While gen'rous pity knows no rest
Within her tender, feeling breast.

If fault she has, Virtue's to blame
For placing in her tender frame,
A heart so pure, so soft, and kind,
That tis to faults in others blind.

**This makes Louisa's guiltless heart
Expose itself to many a smart;
The wicked, ignorant, and vain,
Deceive her oft, and cause her pain.**

THE EXCUSE.

You tell me, Anna, I'm untrue,
Because I quitted Jane;
Now, beaut'ous maiden ! I tell you
" That you're alone to blame.

" 'Tis true, I once admir'd sweet Jane,
" And still should so have done ;
" But sure, my fair, I'm not to blame
" For varying to the sun !

" I'm not inconstant—no, my fair,
" This change alone I make ;
" Mortals, with angels can't compare,
" An angel is the stake !"

•

Then, fairest Anna must allow
That I am not to blame,
For earthly beauty needs must bow
Before an heav'nly dame !

THE INVITATION.—To JULIA.

Sweet, lovely maid ! come live with me,
For I thy charms adore ;
And tho' now full of constancy,
I'll love thee more and more !

Then, háste my Julia, lose no time
To fly unto my house ;
Where ev'ry sweet, from ev'ry clime,
Awaits thee, when my spouse.

A rich pavilion have I made,
To court thy charms to sleep ;
Where lovely flow'rs, that never fade,
Their sweet perfumes do keep.

169

And near its window runs a stream,
Which, murm'ring as it flows,
Will waft my Julia a kind dream,
Whene'er she courts repose.

Delightful place ! O, Julia, fly
To share its joys with me ;
Or when I see it, I shall sigh
To see it without thee !

ADVICE TO MARY.

It grieves me, Mary, for I see
You strive to look with scorn on me ;
But take advice, for beauties fade,
And then you'll cease to please me, maid !

For tho', sweet girl, you now have charms,
Worthy to grace a monarch's arms,
Yet, recollect that charms will fly,
And beauties in rotation die !

Then take advice, and look more kind,
For love like mine you'll seldom find,
So faithful, constant, and so true,
That none would hesitate—but you !

TO LYDIA.

O Lydia! what a lovely fair
Nature has fashion'd thee;
Prudence should teach our sex beware,
But vain her hints to me.

I've rov'd the world in ev'ry part,
Yet never saw such eyes;
Oh! could I throw fond Cupid's dart,
I 'd envy not the skies.

Your lovely auburn tresses flow
In ringlets round your face;
Venus they should have painted so,
Possess'd of ev'ry grace!

The lily and the beaut'ous rose
Might quarrel for your face,
Your pouting lips, and Grecian nose,
Confound our foolish race.

Your teeth of alabaster white,
And your sweet dimpled smile,
Enrapture ev'ry mortal's sight,
And sober thoughts beguile.

Your forehead! O, its perfect form
Elsewhere was never seen ;
Female ne'er view'd it, but a storm
O'erspread her frame of spleen.

To sum up all, so sweet a face
Fond Nature's given thee,
That not a youth can love escape,
For all must love—who see !

BALLAD.

Annette was milder than the dew
That spangles Arno's scented grove;
And Lubin, constant, fond, and true,
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaste, yet mantling smile,
He bade her guess what he could bring;
Then from a bosom void of guile,
He blush'd, and trembling, took a ring.

The maiden flutter'd, sidled, sigh'd,
Oh, Cupid! 'twas a charming scene!
And with affected coyness cried,
"Dear, what can such a trinket mean?"

“ Mean,” said the youth, with glowing cheek,
And flurried, that she so mistook,
“ A Ringdove dropt it from his beak,
“ I pick’d it up near yonder brook.

“ And much we owe, my lovely fair,
“ To this kind token of the dove—
“ Who dropt it for the purpose there,
“ A faithful emblem of our love.”

So spoke the youth; the willing maid
Approv’d of what the swain had done,
And love’s sweet influence obey’d,
She kiss’d the ring that made them one.

S O N G.

Tender is my Fanny's love,
Her gentle heart is kind ;
Constant as the truest dove,
I do my Fanny find.

When I'm well, my Fanny sings,
And gaily flies the day,
Ev'ry joy fond Fanny brings,
To pass my time away.

Fanny's heart is full of care,
If I appear but sad ;
Fanny is the fondest fair,
• When I'm content and glad.

Faithful Fanny loves me well,
She merits all my heart;
And I love the bewitching girl
Too much again to part.

TO MARY.

My Mary is the sweetest girl
The village can produce,
The prettiest and the neatest belle,
And she is gay and spruce.

I love her as I do my life,
She is my only joy ;
And soon I trust she'll be my wife,
Tho' now the maid is coy.

Each swain admires my Mary's charms,
And vainly hopes to wed,
Entangled with fond love's alarms,
By faithful Hymen led.

N

If wildest beau approach the fair,
 Young Cupid chains his heart;
Then hopeless love, and constant care,
 Teaches his breast to smart.

O, lovely Mary! could I paint
 The charms thou dost possess;
My words would fire the coldest saint,
 He'd nought but love profess.

And, lovely girl! if I could sing
 The sweetness of thy mind;
Then crowds of stoics I should bring,
 Softened to human kind.

But Mary, dearest, sweetest fair!
 On love alone let's dwell;
Then mine will be the happy care,
 Thy Virtues still to tell!

SONG.

You cannot know the deep impression
Which is left upon my heart;
Language ne'er can find expression
What I suffer to impart.

Silence is the test of lovers,
Be my love by actions known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the influence of your own.

TO ROSA.

Love me, Rosa, charming maid,
Love—you'll never be betray'd !
Love's the sweetest thing in life,
Love it is that knows no strife !
Love delights the human breast,
Love alone can make it blest !
Love's a joyous, constant spring—
Love, and dread not Cupid's sting !

GLEE.

Beauty, and the various graces
That adorn the sweetest faces,
Here take their glorious throne! May he
Who is the god of archery,
Never aim one angry dart,
But soft and gentle, at your heart;
Court it with flame and rich perfume,
To light and sweeten—not consume.

SONG.

Cupid—loving boy! to thee—
To thee—I yield my liberty!
Cupid, thou hast chain'd my heart,
Thrilling pangs now make it smart;
Ah! the heart that late was free,
Now has lost its liberty.

Rosy lips and sparkling eyes
Are the treasures that I prize,
Blushing cheeks and Sylvia's smile,
Joy my soul and cares beguile;
Ah! the heart that late was free,
Now has lost its liberty.

SONG.

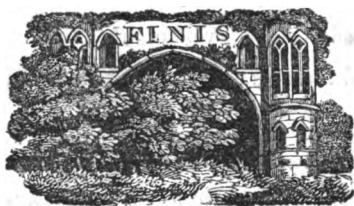
TO A POETIC LOVER.

What if gay glitt'ring sun beams spread,
Were 'twin'd around your charmer's head,
Instead of ringlets void of art ;
Could these an equal zest impart ?

Suppose two suns instead of eyes,
(Your verse would thus the fair disguise)
Would not these orbs their influence show,
To melt a forehead form'd of snow ?

With rose and lily cheeks that fade,
You next presume to dress the maid ;
And twixt the leaves that form the rose
You'd place an alabaster nose.

Would not this strange assemblage fright,
Instead of yield you fond delight?
Be wise then and this truth declare,
Virtue alone can mend the fair!



W. GLINDON, Printer, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

